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CHRIST THE BREAD.
BY ELINOR S. DEANE.
Shall we, who taste the living Bread,
And slake our deadly thirst
Where Christ the pious meal hath
spread,
And healing waters burst
The water and the bread deny
To those who must partake or die?
Far onward toward the sea-girt West,
To North, to South, to East;
They toil for gold, or seek for rest,
Or find a transient home;
But, hark! the angels' voices
Till the good seed is sown;
Till fields grow white on every hand
With harvests He shall own;
And bread, the Bread of Life from heaven,
To all, from sea to sea, be given!

THE CIRCUIT RIDER.
BY REV. M. TRAFTON, D. D.
In New England, at least, the circuit rider is already a historic person, something in the character of the old knight of romance. If any vestiges of the old heroic system remain among us, so changed are they that the old veteran, revisiting the scenes of his former labors, would not recognize them. A few stations are joined together, connected by railroads, and the circuit rider sits on a cushioned seat and is drawn by a locomotive instead of a horse, and can return home at night. I have an impression that somewhere in eastern Maine, a circuit still exists, and if so, I should delight, on being invited, to take down my old saddle-bags, borrow a horse (I can't afford to own one), and take a turn once more. To make it more home-like, I should wish to go in winter, and at a time when Robert B. Thomas, who has been dust for three score years, says in his weather table, "Look out for deep snows about this time." For unless I should be forced to dismount often, and tread down the snow to get my poor horse through the drifts, it would not seem home-like.
"Rumford and Bethel." Seeking the preacher in charge — Brother F. — I inquired, "Where is Rumford and Bethel?" "It is on the upper Androscoggin river," said he. "But how am I to get there? I have no horse and no money to buy one. I cannot go." "On, trust in Providence," said he. "The way will open." Somehow those old Methodist preachers had a wonderful way of trusting in Providence, and were not often at fault. Spurring their steeds right against a mountain of rock, they would find a way over it, or a tunnel through it, and come out all right on the other side. I think our young men would do well to copy their example.
There is a marked difference between going out not knowing whither you go, with no call from a Church, no pledged salary, no defined field of labor, and stepping out of a cosy room in a seminary, with a nice little (or big) wife on your arm, to glide away in a warm car to a snug station where a committee meets you with a splendid hack, and at a rattling pace lands you at a fine parsonage, warmed and lighted with gas, where the ladies (if they used to be women) await you, with supper smoking on the table, leaving you in a well-furnished house; and the chief steward, as he bids you good night, adds, "Your salary will be paid you monthly, in advance, prompt, sir!" I'm sure I am glad for the happy change, and have no wish to see the boys plunging into snow-drifts, and, after a long ride and preaching and meeting calls, climbing a ladder into the attic of a log-house, and shivering through the eaves in the roof, covering your bed; and after a good breakfast of corn-cake and fried pork,

mounting and off again to "fresh fields and pastures new." A good school was that for the beginners in those days, and a happy fact about it was that one could hardly fear of falling into a worse place. But the heroic days of Methodism are gone, to return no more!
Well, Providence did provide for me. That wonderful man, Richard E. Schermerhorn, a man full of "faith and the Holy Ghost," if ever man was, always laughing and happy, was that year stationed in Bangor. He had a horse, and in B. would not need him; he would sell him to me. And, such a horse! "Why," said he, as we rode together to Bangor, "this horse has followed a four-horse stage for hours, and can travel as fast as four horses!" Wonderful horse he was!
We rode to B., and I bought the horse for seventy-five dollars. How I paid for him I don't know, but suppose I did at some time. My impression is that I divided the money given me, between the living and dead horses.
Now, then, I am to start again. A long ride it was from Bangor to the circuit on the Androscoggin — some one hundred and fifty miles.

Rev. William Marsh was Presiding Elder on the Bangor district, I think. He had a "sulky" which he did not need, and proposed to sell it to me with the harness (what there was of it), for twenty-five dollars, on time; he might as well have said eternity, so far as my then present prospect of seeing twenty-five dollars was concerned. I went to look at the thing — what is it? Like Barnum's famous mermaid, neither fish nor monkey — a little of both. It had two wheels, so "dishing" that they would never bespatter one with mud, like the cart in John Gilpin's famous ride, "which threw the wash, on both sides of the way," and that surely was an advantage. The shafts were sprung in the form of a half-bent bow; but, "you see," said the good man, "they have more spring, and so it rides easier." "Ah, that's so; that is an improvement." I see the twinkle in those grand black eyes of his now, for like Cowper's hero, and all good men, he liked a harmless joke. Then, the seat was a common kitchen chair, minus the legs, and set on leather through-braces, with a thin leather cushion. I took it for these qualities, and it was much better than to travel all the distance on a saddle. I may as well finish the history of that unique carriage at once.
I stopped to dine and bait my horse, after reaching my field of labor, at the house of a Mr. Bartlett. (Why do these names slip so easily from my pen's point, after forty-five years?) My horse was sick, and a Brother Perkins let me take an unbroken colt for a time. He was now harnessed to my sulky. I hitched to a post, and the good man took the horse to the barn for some hay, and then thoughtlessly (I was in the house) slipped off the headstall, and the wild creature, seeing that nondescript behind him, made one leap into the air. Mr. B., having a firm grip upon his nose, went with him, then all came together to the ground. I heard the crash and rushed out. There lay man, horse and go-cart in one undistinguishable mass upon the lawn. Neither man nor horse was at all injured, but the sulky was not to be seen. It had gone down, like Holmes' immortal "one-horse shay" — gone all at once, leaving the hubs and the chair like the prophet's beast, "two ribs, and a piece of an ear." I saved the hubs, axle, thorough-braces, and seat, and had it rebuilt; there was enough to preserve its identity. And may it not be thus with this other vehicle in which I have been riding about for these years, when worn out and torn out, and at last crushed into atoms? Cannot the great Builder at last bring it out again, in the highest style of humanity, with this immortal consciousness to preserve its identity — putting it in motion to break down never again? Let us believe it.

Thus off I started again, with my all of this world in and about my sulky, and of the world to come in my Bible, hymn-book and heart. In my pocket I had one silver dollar on which to travel one hundred and fifty miles. I had it unbroken when I reached my circuit. I frequently offered it in payment for entertainment, but no one would take it; yet it was not a spurious coin. Sometimes I stopped at private houses, but was always welcome; sometimes at hotels, but the landlord would say, "No, we never charge preachers anything." No doubt they had their reward.
At last I reached Dixfield, on the lower part of the circuit, and called on a Mr. Eustis, as I had been directed. Here I found Brother Farrington, the preacher in charge. He was just going out to preach at a school-house in the vicinity, and I accompanied him. How distinctly that little assembly, gathered in the twilight of a summer's day, stands out before my mind, none of whom probably are now living; and the simple, hearty services; and the text — "The precious sons of Zion,"

comparable to fine gold, how are they become as earthen pitchers!" I thought it splendid, and dare say it was. This was Brother F.'s second year; so he was among old friends.
I now received a plan of the circuit, which contained our appointments, as we followed each other on the field. Peru, the next town below Dixfield, was the eastern point; and Gilead, the last town next to New Hampshire (sixty miles distant), was the western. It was called a six weeks' circuit — that is, it took us that time to pass through our orbit. There were few churches — a free church at Dixfield, another at Rumford Point, one at Rumford Falls, and one at Bethel. Then we found preaching places on Ellis river, Bear river, Sunday river, Swift river — all which streams emptied into the main river at different points.
Our field lay on both sides of the Androscoggin, and there was then but one bridge, that at Rumford Point. We were necessitated to ford the river, which, at high stages of water, was not quieting to one's nerves. Once only I was in actual peril. I had an appointment at Peru, and lingered too long at Dixfield, poring over good Brother Farwell's library. It was getting into the dusk of evening when I started up the river to reach the ford. I could easily trace the wheel-tracks in the sand for a short distance; then the rapid current obliterated them entirely. One must then remember the directions — to turn sharply up stream, and then down, as the water was very deep below, and the bar was not straight though narrow. I kept my eye too long on the exit on the opposite shore, and did not keep up stream soon enough. All at once my horse rode swimming and the dark waters were running over my feet in the sulky. I never lost my presence of mind, or became confused, in a dangerous position — except sometimes before an audience. I took in the situation at once, and by a very slight pull on the right rein gave my good bay a turn up stream, when in a moment or two, which seemed to me a week or more, his fore feet took the sand, and I felt the wheels strike the bar and we were safe. When I drove out on the other shore, my strength left me, and I felt pale as I cast my eyes back over the rushing waters which had so nearly ended my career. My escape spoiled a good newspaper item: "Drowned at the Dixfield ford, the junior preacher of this circuit, who very carelessly drove in without duly taking the bearings, and threw away his life," etc. Well, he didn't! But to this day, I detest the crooked Dixfield ford.

But I found it a task to keep up with my coadjutors, who had the advantage of a longer experience. To preach from three to five times a week, was so far as the matter is concerned, a strain on one's brain, if he has any; and when you have emptied your cup once, it seems, to a novice at least, as though it would never fill again. But there are grand compensations in the circuit work. For, in the first place, as you are not preaching to the same congregation at each effort, one may use the same subject again and again; and, as it is not written, one can change, correct and improve the discourse, as new audiences are addressed. Then, the out-door life, the ride through nature's varying scenery; the communion with the "things which are made," which declare His eternal power and Godhead — all this quickens and freshens thought, furnishing an abundance of forcible illustrations, which, when wisely selected, have more force for the average mind than logic; so, if an itinerant has eyes to see, he will pick up arrows for his quiver all along the way.
Let any one look around upon the present condition of our Churches; the small stations, few of them self-supporting; the half paid, and wholly disheartened ministers; and he will cry out, Oh, for the return of the circuit system!

Israel was ruined because she would be like the people of the land. Methodism is weakened by the same cause. Other orders have a stated ministry; we must have one. Other Churches have pews to sell or rent; we must have them. Other ministers read sermons; ours must do likewise. Come, oh, ye chief shepherds! in your wisdom, put the work into the circuit form again, and bring back the glory, power and success of former days! (One looking over my shoulder says, "You may as well address this terrible north-east storm, to cease its howling — come to dinner!") At the dining table, he and she loquacious.
She. "And so you would like to bring the Church back to the circuit system, would you?"
He. "I would like to carry her forward to that primitive agency. She has retrograded."
She. "But where is it in practice now, save in the sparsely populated regions of the West?"
He. "Where? Why, in the British

dominions; you do not read of the London or Liverpool stations, but it is 'London circuit.' A man, for instance, is put in charge of 'City Road,' and connected with it, are a number of societies in the vicinity, and they rotate regularly. The man in the city spends two weeks in the work there, and then a preacher from the country comes in, and the city incumbent mounts the circuit horse, and gallops off to hear the songs of the larks, thrushes, and nightingales, and to fill his lungs with pure air — blowing out the smoke and dust of the city, and substituting the native perfume of the honeysuckle, hawthorn and hedge roses, for his bottle of cologne."
She. "But our people wouldn't like such constant changes."
He. "I don't care what they like; that's not the question at all. It's what they need, and what would be best for them. It has been this variety, and this change of preachers, which has made them a people; and when that is done away with, their 'locks are shorn,' and they become like other people. But I do not believe they would dislike it at all. Have you not observed, when I used to have a congregation, how the people picked up their ears and opened their eyes when I exchanged with some brother, as much as to say: 'Now, then, here's a fresh gift; we shall have something new?' — What's under that cover yonder?"
She. "Why, that's a bit of broiled lamb's tongue I thought you might like."
He. "Ah, yes; that is something new and fresh. Don't you see that the very art of cuisine is in variety? One gets weary and sick of monotonous cookery — this everlasting fried pork and boiled potatoes. Now you are a princess among house-keepers — don't try to blush, old lady! — and you are always getting up something new and nice. But I have seen women with so little energy and taste, as to avoid all care for making home a charm; pushing the table against the wall in the kitchen when having plenty of room beside; and squinting down to a plate of hash, to avoid a little labor. Such women want to vote! I would like to vote on their case; I'd vote them —"
She. "Hold on! you are becoming excited. But what application has this to the matter of preachers and circuits?"
He. "Did I say it had any? Ring the bell, please, for the cheese!"

GLEANINGS FROM THE METCALF COLLECTION OF PAMPHLETS.
BY REV. J. C. STOCKBRIDGE, D. D.
For several years past a passion has occasionally taken possession of me, to spend an hour or two in one of the alcoves of the library of Brown University. When there, I go through a kind of mousing process — a very significant word to express just the nature of the employment in which, for the time, I am engaged. For, as the little animal, whose presence is not at all coveted by good housekeepers, nibbles at a piece of cheese here, and a bit of bread there, putting his teeth, in short, into anything that will satisfy his appetite, so I gratify my intellectual appetite, by looking into this book, curiously running through that treatise, picking up a morsel of information here and there, as chance may direct me in my search. All this may not be a very profitable way of spending one's time, but it certainly is very enjoyable. The alcove to which I refer contains the somewhat celebrated collection of bound pamphlets presented to the library of Brown University by the late Judge Metcalf. Let me say a few words about the donor of this valuable gift, and give a general description of the collection, before alluding to its more minute details.
Judge Theron Metcalf was born in Franklin, Mass., October 16, 1784, and received his collegiate education at Brown University, where he graduated in 1805. He was a lawyer by profession, and for many years was one of the justices of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. He died at the advanced age of 92. For his *alma mater*, he always cherished the warmest affection, and took the most lively interest, especially in the growth of the library. He began early to contribute, by personal gifts of valuable books, to its growth; and, during his life, presented to it nearly 500 volumes, exclusive of the bound volumes of pamphlets of which we shall more particularly speak. In January, 1842, he commenced his donations of these bound volumes, by sending 30 volumes of ordination sermons. The volumes of these ordination sermons reached the number of 68, containing 1,476 discourses, preached chiefly in New England at ordinations, installations, inaugurations, etc. We are carried back to an early period in our colonial history, and have, preserved in permanent form, the productions of the most illustrious divines whose names have come

down to us from that remote period. The collection is brought down almost to our own times, and, according to the testimony of the librarian of the university, is probably the largest of its kind that has ever been made.
In addition to these ordination sermons, we have two volumes of "Convention Sermons" — discourses preached before the convention of Congregational ministers of Massachusetts, commencing with Cotton Mather in 1722, and ending with the sermon of Prof. Park in 1850, which was followed by so much excitement in the religious world. Then we have "Election sermons" — discourses preached before the Legislature of Massachusetts, from John Cotton in 1634 down to 1874. The volumes of "Funeral Sermons" reach the large number of 117, making a grand total of 2,593 discourses; 130 of these funeral discourses were delivered at the funerals, or otherwise, of distinguished men of Judge Metcalf's own profession. There are, moreover, 12 volumes of "Anniversary Sermons," 23 volumes of "Centennial," 24 volumes of "Dedication," 4 volumes of "Farewell," 10 volumes of "Fast and Thanksgiving," 2 volumes of "Education," 12 volumes of "Fourth of July," 5 volumes of "Phi Beta Kappa," 2 volumes of "Plymouth," 5 volumes of "Eulogies on Washington," 16 volumes of "Missionary," 18 volumes of "Controversial Theology," 23 volumes of "Miscellaneous," etc., etc. The whole number of volumes is 375, containing 7,958 pamphlets.
This large collection furnishes unmistakable evidence of the deep interest which Judge Metcalf took in his life-long work, of gathering up the materials out of which it was constructed. It is the purpose of the writer to glean from this very fruitful field a few sheaves, from which his readers may gather somewhat of pleasure and nourishment.

THE MAINE CONFERENCE OF 1840.
BY REV. WILLIAM McDONALD.
Dr. Trafton, who gives us so entertaining an article in the HERALD of the 4th inst., makes one mistake, which I have no doubt he will be pleased to have corrected. He says, "The Maine Conference of 1840 was held at Kent's Hill, Readfield, Bishop Hedding presiding."
Bishop Hedding did not preside at that Conference. The venerable Bishop Soule presided. It was his last visit to the Maine Conference. I well remember his majestic form and imperial bearing. It was the first Bishop my young eyes had ever looked upon, and the first Conference I ever attended.
The Bishop's sermon, on the Sabbath, was one of marked ability. I can see him now, as he reads his text: "If our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost." etc. Then, straightening himself to his full height, and folding his arms across his breast, he said, in a commanding tone, "Let the critic's eye be fixed on me, while I shall give the true rendering of my text, 'If our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that have destroyed themselves,' etc."
The house was packed, and a large crowd were without. The sermon was an hour and a half in length, but the interest was sustained to the end, and the Bishop closed in the middle of his sermon at that, omitting to speak on his second general proposition.
That was, in many respects, a memorable Conference. Rev. O. Scott was there, and preached a powerful sermon. Dr. Abel Stevens was present, young, attenuated, and brilliant. It was at that Conference he delivered his masterly address on ministerial education. The venerable Timothy Merritt, full of holy love, was there. I well remember the impressions made by his remarks in the Conference love-feast. I listened for the first time to Rev. Thomas Greenhalgh, one of God's grandest Gospel preachers. The ringing shouts of James Thwing, and the stentorian voice of David Hutchingson, as if he were giving orders from the quarter-deck in a storm, seem to ring in my soul to this day. There was Joshua Hall, whose labors in the cause of Methodism in Rhode Island and Maine, entitle him to all honor. I have heard him preach sermons which for brilliancy and power were not surpassed by the first lights of the modern Methodist pulpit.
And what shall I say more? For the time would fail me to tell of Springer, and Fuller, and Palmer, and Butler, and Greely, and Barnham, and Hopkins, and Stockton, and Streeter, and Bragdon, and James Farrington, and Larabee, and Baker, and Blake, and Atwell, and Marsh, and Merrill, and Caldwell, and Spaulding, and Richmond, and Hotchkiss; who through faith waxed valiant in fight, and turned to fight the armies of the aliens. "These all died in faith," with many more not named here, but whose names are in the book of life.

It was from this Conference I took my first appointment, under Rev. J. B. Husted, Presiding Elder of the Bangor District. When I get to be an old man like Dr. Trafton, whom I heard preach the first Methodist sermon I ever listened to, I mean to write a brief sketch of that first circuit. I have traveled many a field, promising and unpromising, since, but another just like that, I have never traveled.
I must stop, or I shall get to writing personal reminiscences. I only intended to call my good Brother Trafton's attention to the single error respecting Bishop Hedding presiding at the Maine Conference in 1840.

A "DAY'S WORK FOR JESUS" IN MORADABAD, INDIA.
REV. E. W. PARKER, pleading for means to finish a chapel in Shabjanpore, gives the following graphic account of a Sunday's services in a small chapel, recently completed, at Moradabad. He precedes his account by arguments, the force of which every one who has done missionary work, whether foreign or domestic, will appreciate: —
"My object in writing at present is to ask your aid in a matter of great importance to our work. In Shabjanpore, we are building a school-house and chapel combined, for our city work there. For more than ten years, we have desired a place of worship in the centre of each of our cities, believing that such places would aid us much in reaching the masses of the people. When Dr. Macleay visited our mission, and passed through our field, he said that the great lack all through our work was places of worship in the very midst of the people. His advice, and his accounts of the influence and assistance of such places of worship in China, led us to try more earnestly than before to secure locations and erect such buildings."
"In Moradabad, we succeeded at last in securing a site at great expense, and a building has been completed. Our expectations are much more than met in this. In the first place, the people see that we are here, not as foreigners for a day, but that we have really come to stay; and in the school, the clock and the bell, they see that we desire the good of the city. They see all this as they never saw it before. Then the work is much more satisfactory since we opened our chapel hall. Formerly no outsiders attended our Sabbath services. We had Sabbath-schools for the non-Christian children; we preached in the noisy market-places, but our regular Sunday-school and our Sabbath preaching-services were attended only by Christians. An account of last Sunday's work will show you how different it is now."
"At 7 A. M., went to our large public Sunday-school in the chapel hall of the new house. It was a rainy morning, and people were a little late, yet by seven minutes after seven, the hall was well filled. On one side were boys — Hindus of all castes, Mohammedans and Christians, all mixed and sitting together as though of the same caste. There were no less than one hundred and fifty of these boys. On the other side, in front, were the girls. These were mostly Christian girls and women. Prayer followed, closing with the Lord's prayer in unison. Review questions of the former lesson were then asked, and answered with great animation by all the children. Then followed the reading of the lesson for the day, respectively, with introductory questions; after which all were sent to their classes. The eight day-school rooms are all occupied with classes, and thus the hall is left for the girls and women, of whom there are eight large classes. Our class-room devoted to the boys of a low-caste school, who are always present. Two others are devoted to small boys; two to boys who are older; two on either side of the entrance, to classes of men and outsiders who drop in; and one, to a class of young men of the high school, clerks, etc. — nearly all of whom are non-Christian — is taught in the large room in English.
"After the lesson, all were again called together, and the lesson reviewed — all answering. We closed by singing and prayer, with a crowded house, the aisle near the door being full of persons standing. In our questions, we catechise exactly as though talking to Christians. Our lesson last Sunday was, 'Proof of the power of Jesus' name,' and of 'all families being blessed through His name,' with golden text, 'There is none other name,' etc. This while we enter into no controversy with any one's religion, we teach these children the truth as though it were the only way, and beyond all controversy. They drink it in as naturally as a thirsty man drinks pure water. I never turn from that school, but I thank God for that building, so well adapted to such a work."

"At six o'clock we met again for our public preaching service. At the time fixed, the hall was about half full, but by the time the sermon commenced, there were no empty benches, and very few empty seats in the house. More than half, perhaps quite two-thirds, of the audience, were outsiders. During preaching a few went out and more came in, but nearly all listened quietly until the sermon was over, and until they had seen a young convert baptized. This congregation of listening outsiders has steadily increased since the day we opened the hall, one year ago.
"Almost immediately after this Hinduant service, a lecture service was held. We commenced by singing and prayer, and then a lecture was delivered in English, on 'Jesus of Nazareth the Christ, and His demands on us.' About twelve or fifteen Europeans and Eurasians were present, and about seventy-five natives who speak English. Of these natives, not more than five or six were Christians. After the lecture we gave opportunity for remarks, and a Mohammedan spoke, objecting, of course, to Christ's divinity. We have these lectures every Sunday evening, but our audience is not usually so large as it was this evening. We have discussed Revelation, Miracles, Accounts of Creation, Truth, etc., in all of which our gain has been steady and encouraging. The best of spirit has prevailed in every discussion.
"Now, it is possible to estimate, after this account of our Sunday's work, the worth of this building, which enables us to gain the children, and draw all classes under our influence? Is not every dollar expended here worth twice as much to the cause of God, as it was when we had no place in which to gather these people together? We still believe in bazaar preaching, but at the close of every such service, we tell the people of our hall service, and invite all to come. Then if an impression is made in the bazaar, we can increase it in the hall."

The General will be glad to know that the Church Missionary committee, at its meeting in November, appropriated the sum asked for — about two thousand dollars — to complete the building.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.
Here was a man unknown, except as a sweet singer in Israel; his life has suddenly ceased. A few papers mentioned him; but he had no elaborate biographies, no editorial eulogies; he held no such place in the world's esteem as Mr. Vanderbilt had. And yet, though Mr. Vanderbilt was unutterably vaster in stature both of body and mind, and unutterably stronger in the lower range of strength, Mr. Bliss has done the far grander work. He has sweetened life. He has opened the door through which ten thousand souls have seen the other world. He has made the heavens transparent. He has quickened faith. He has nourished love. He has caused joy to bud and blossom. He has made religion to be effulgent. He has brought something of the very spirit of the heavenly realms down to earth, and made little children understand the glory of the Saviour's love. To servants, to poor unlettered women, he has been as the tongue of the Lord. A gentle, lambent flame, not visible, has rested on his head, as upon the pentecostal feast; and the years that he has lived have been put into the work of developing, smelting, and sanctifying the dispositions of men.
The work of the one was material, of the other spiritual; the work of the one was for time, of the other for eternity; the one built railroads and founded steamship lines, the other helped to found character and to build men. — *Christian Union*.

Dr. Surry, in a recent meeting of the Methodist ministers in New York, gave a very blue view of the condition of Methodism in that city — a subject over which he is prone to weep. He said that within a distance of ten minutes' walk of the room in which he resides to seek balm to nature's sweet restorer, there are six Methodist churches in fine buildings, but languishing as to membership and withered as to purse. From the standpoint of his bedroom window, he views the landscape over, and sighs. It strikes us that a denomination gritty enough, enterprising enough, liberal enough, if, indeed, they were so unwise, to build six fine churches in ten minutes' walk of each other, must be a very considerable people. It shows no "decline of Methodism." In fact, if they had declined to make those subscriptions, they would have been better off. Doubtless the energies of the denomination in the particular field referred to were misdirected, but there were and are energies. Methodism will take care of itself. Never fear. — *Interior*.
In the course of his speech in the case of Mr. See, Dr. Craven said: "If I believed that a decision in my favor would drive two-thirds of the women out of the Presbyterian Church, I would still have done as I have done." We would have no objections to the result so far as the women would be concerned, but what would become of us old Adams? Think of that! Eve was driven out of Eden, but did she not raise Cain? and did not Adam follow her into the howling wilderness? And then our social prayer-meetings — two or three old Adams to twenty or thirty meek-eyed Evs — what would become of them? — *Interior*.
No one who has not tried it has any idea of the sustaining power of a creed against the assaults of infidelity. We mean by this, of course, not a creed of opinions, but the creed of facts. The carefully formulated, statement casts off the vain objection as a snow-plough throws off the drift. It is a powerful help to see that a devil is aimed, not at the truth, but at some false form which forsakes the truth. — *Churchman*.

"The Maine Conference of 1840 was held at Kent's Hill, Readfield, Bishop Hedding presiding." — *See above*.

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"The Maine Conference of 1840 was held at Kent's Hill, Readfield, Bishop Hedding presiding." — *See above*.

OUR NEW HYMN BOOK.

BY REV. NATHAN HUBBELL.

Now that the committee on the revised Hymn-book have fairly begun the difficult task assigned them by the General Conference—the compilation of a work designed to secure the commendation of one million and a half of Methodists—it is reasonable to expect that the columns of our Church periodicals will be burdened with gratuitous advice and suggestions. The conflicting views thus presented may be wise or otherwise. They may prove, upon examination, to be either crude, fanciful, absurd, or impracticable. However, they will not be without utility. If grotesque, or visionary, they will serve to clear the atmosphere, and point the committee to the fundamental principles which should control their action. "In the multitude of counselors there is safety." Was not Rome saved through the cackling of geese? and did not *drift-wood* indicate to Columbus his proximity to land?

Relative to many points, there appears to be unbroken harmony. It seems to be generally conceded that the new book should contain fewer hymns than the old one; that the name of the author should appear in connection with each hymn, either as a prefix or a postscript; that a large proportion of our time-honored hymns, which have become standards, or denominational classics, should be retained; and, finally, that the work should be furnished at a less price than formerly.

Other phases of the subject will evoke more discussion. The present Hymn-book is conspicuously deficient in several departments. We have anniversaries of the formation of the Freedman's Aid Society, without an appropriate hymn in the book for the occasion. Had Sumner been fired on thirty years ago, the defect would not have existed. Whittier or Bryant could have written the hymns then, and can do so now. At the anniversaries of this important organization, the hymns chosen must be strictly of a generic character; possibly,

"Blow ye the trumpet, blow!"

"Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks," or others equally indefinite.

We have, also, Conference and local temperance societies, with no suitable hymns for their use. We do the best possible thing under the circumstances and sing,

"There is a fountain filled with blood," or hymn 284, beginning with,

"A fountain of life and of grace."

It is quite possible that hymn 853, opening thus, would be more appropriate:—"My drowsy powers, why sleep ye not?"

Our present collection is remarkably meagre in the department entitled, "The Scriptures." There are exactly fifteen hymns in all—enough, if all were good; too many, in view of the defective poetic merit of some of them.

We have no hymns bearing specifically upon the operations of the Church Extension Society, or the Board of Education. When the cause of education is presented, or "Children's day" occurs, what hymns shall be used? Shall there be a department for Sabbath-schools in the new book, or must we depend, as heretofore, on the diluted doggerel extant in "The Sunbeam," "The Seraph," and "The Sabbath-school Bangle?"

Another question: To what extent may hymns be altered from the original copy, and still be published as the hymns of Watts, Wesley and others? Take hymn 146, the first line reading,

"He dies! the friend of sinners dies."

According to Watts' *Hymn Lyric*, issued under his personal supervision in London in 1706, the third edition of which, printed in 1715, lies before me, he began the hymn thus (we quote literally):—

"He dies, the Heavenly Lover dies,"

"The tidings strike a doleful sound
On my poor heart-strings; deep He lies
In the cold caverns of the ground."

The original stanzas consisted of four lines each. By comparing the above with our version, it will be discovered that nothing remains of the first stanza of his production but the two opening words,

"He dies"—

The altered version may, or may not, be an improvement; that is not the question. But it is germane to inquire, on moral grounds, into the expediency of perpetuating this pious fraud, in appending the name of a dead poet to words which he never wrote.

It may be of interest to the average reader of *ZION'S HERALD* to learn that hymn 91, when written, contained the following additional verses:—

"Our thoughts are lost in reverend awe,
We love and we adore;
The first angel never saw
So much of God before."

When sinners broke the Father's laws,
The dying Son atones;
Oh, the dear mystery of His Cross,
The triumph of His groans!"

Hymn 109, when first issued, included the following verses:—

"From thy great Self thy Being springs;
Thou art Thine own original,
Made up of uncreated things,
And self-sufficiency bears them all."

Thrones and dominions round Thee fall,
And worship in submissive forms;
Thy presence shakes the lower ball,
This little dwelling-place of worms!"

The original hymn written by Dr. Watts, from which hymn 68 of our collection is derived, consisted of eighteen verses. The sharp antithesis between the law and the Gospel, he shows in a hymn, which is not included in our present collection. We quote the first and last verses only:—

"Curst be the man, forever curst,
That doth the smallest sin commit,

Death and damnation for the first,
Without relief and infinite."

But I'll retire beneath the Cross;
Saviour, at Thy dear feet I lie;
And the keen sword that Justice draws,
Flaming and red shall pass me by."

From a poem entitled, "The Atheist's Mistake," we quote three verses which, to say the least, contrast strongly with the "emasculated theology" of the present day:—

"Laugh, ye profane, and swell and burst
With bold impiety;
Yet shall ye live forever curst,
And seek in vain to die."

The gasp of our expiring breath
With bold impiety;
By the last agonies of death
Sent down to fiercer pains."

Ye stand upon a dreadful steep,
And all beneath is hell;
Your weighty guilt will sink you deep,
Where the old serpent fell."

In conclusion, may we not hope that when the MSS. of the revised Hymn-book is ready for the printer, that the book committee will instruct the book agents to place the imprint, "Published by the Methodist Book Concern, on the title-page rather than that of Nelson & Phillips. The Book Concern is permanent; the agents are not. Since the publication of the present Hymn-book in 1849, it has successively borne the imprint of Lane & Scott, Carlton & Phillips, Carlton & Porter, Carlton & Lannahan, and Nelson & Phillips. Other publishing houses representing strong ecclesiastical corporations publish only the corporate name. We read the imprint of the "Presbyterian Board of Publication," the "American Bible Society," and the "American Tract Society," with infinite satisfaction; but who their agents are we do not pause to inquire. The imprint of the Methodist Book Concern as a substitute for that of local agents whose term of office is brief, and who are followed in turn by others who are more or less obscure, denotes at once legalized authority and stability.

New Haven, Conn.

LETTER FROM BERMUDA.

BY PROF. JOHN JOHNSTON, LL. D.

MR. EDITOR: In a former communication I spoke of the feeling of antipathy between the white and colored races in this island as being still very strong, although forty-two years have passed since the total abolition of slavery. Since that was written I have seen much evidence of the truthfulness of my statement. A few days ago a leading citizen of this place, a native of the island, said in my hearing (the American consul also being present), that if the question whether or not the old system of slavery should be re-established in the colony could be submitted to a vote of the white population, in his opinion, a vast majority would be found in the affirmative! Yet it is well known, that the act of Parliament abolishing slavery was kindly received by the people, who decided that the act of emancipation should go into immediate effect; thus dispensing with the six years of apprenticeship provided for by the Parliamentary act.

The day (Aug. 1, 1834) when the slaves became free was generally observed by proper religious services, and good feeling everywhere prevailed. All the circumstances, they tell us, seemed to indicate a continuance of the same thing; but this feeling (antipathy of race, I call it) still continues unabated, and it is questionable whether it ever can be overcome.

In my other letter I spoke of some pleasing historical associations connecting the people of these islands with those of New England; but there are others of the same character worthy of mention. Who has not heard of Bishop Berkeley, the author of the book called "The Minute Philosopher," and a treatise on the use of tar water as a cure for all diseases that flesh is heir to? The first mentioned, "The Minute Philosopher," is a book of some interest, and is to be found in most public libraries, but the other is not so common. Occasionally it is met with in New York, at auction sales of old books. Berkeley was a good man, though too visionary to accomplish very much good in a matter-of-fact world like this. He was a man of considerable ability and influence in his day, though now nearly forgotten, except as his name is contained in all the larger biographical dictionaries. Recently his name has been revived in connection with the theological seminary established in Middletown, Ct., and very properly called the Berkeley Institute.

One of the worthy Bishop's missionary enterprises was the establishment of a literary institution in Bermuda for the education of the North American Indians. For the promotion of this object he labored long and earnestly, and at one time received a promise of considerable aid from the British government, besides many subscriptions from private individuals. But, though ably advocated by himself and others for many years, the whole thing was destined to be an utter failure. Buildings were erected near the present town of St. George, which are still standing, and are now used for an asylum for the insane, or, as they call it here, a "Lunatic Asylum."

The eye of a stranger here cannot fail to be attracted by the immense stone walls, which are seen in every direction often for very considerable distances over the rough, stony hills and through the valleys, as well as by the road-sides. Often the walls are beautifully faced on both sides, and even capped with free-stone. He will, in most cases, look in vain to under-

stand the object for which these walls were erected, as they inclose neither cultivated fields nor pastures, nor do they separate between plots of ground appropriated to one or the other of these separate objects. Many of them stand as firmly as they did the day they were finished, though bearing unmistakable evidence of considerable age. Occasionally places will be seen where a wall has been broken, the separate stones still lying around the spot; but only a very few instances will be noticed where any attempts have been made to repair the injury.

On making inquiry of the older inhabitants, I am told that these new useless walls, or most of them, originally were built on the lines separating between the estates of neighboring proprietors, and were erected in the days of slavery, when labor was cheap, and it was an object with owners of slaves to keep them at work, though the work done by them might not be particularly profitable. At present there is much complaint of the high price of labor, which, they say, interferes greatly with enterprises of any kind that do not promise an immediate return in ready cash.

Many of the colored men here are good mechanics, and we see them everywhere at work, though writers, I think, fail to do them full justice.

Hamilton, Dec. 21.

PERSONAL VISITATION AMONG THE POOR.

BY REV. JOSEPH COOK.

Unless the children of the dangerous and perishing classes are to blame for being born, they at least, whatever we say of their parents, cannot be shut out from a victorious place in our pity. This is a fatal day; and if the Author of Christianity were on the groaning earth to make calls, probably the most of them, in the cities of the world, would be in unfashionable places. Why should we be so shy of the visitation, in person, of death-traps and rookeries? There is ineffable Authority and Example for going from house to house doing good. Visits thus enjoined cannot be made by proxy. No doubt, organized and unorganized charity is usually, in its modern form, a result of the Christian spirit. Celsus said Christianity could not be divine, because it cared insidiously for the poor. Old Rome's mood toward the miserable world of culture now loathes. Philanthropy swells the tide of commiseration for the unfortunate, and sometimes the most erratic opinions have been conjoined with the soundest behaviour toward those who have hardly ways to lay their heads. But even Orthodoxy is shy of personal contact with the very wretched, and goes from house to house by proxy! Organized charity, we think, is the whole of our duty. But Lady Burdett Coutts, Prince Albert, Guthrie, Chalmers and Howard, and all who have had much to do with the perishing classes in great cities, have taught the Church that when men are sick and in prison they are to be visited.

There is a great orator in this city, whose name is a power from sea to sea, whose transfigured head of now silvering hairs may be seen often in the most miserable homes in the attics and cellars of the slums. It is safe to go to the North End now; it is not in the fiercest heats of summer.

Our North winds in winter strike us all the way from Boothia Felix, and their incense seals some fever-dens whose doors swing wide open every summer under the guardianship, as one must suppose, of the negligence of the Board of Health. I am not speaking at random; for, according to the city reports, there were in 1874 sixty-eight houses condemned as not conforming to the sanitary regulations of this city; and of these only eighteen were really vacated; the rest were white-washed. The truth is, that if there were ten boards of health, and if they all did their duty, we could not avoid having a large population born into the world miserable.

This nation now has one-fifth of its numbers in cities. What are we to do with the social barriers which allow a great city to be not only a great world but ten great worlds, in which one world, does not care at all for what the other worlds are doing? In every great town there are six or ten strata in society; and it is, one would think, a hundred miles from the fashionable to the unfashionable side of a single brick in a wall. Superfluity and squalor know absolutely nothing of each other—such is the utter negligence of the duty of visiting the poor—in any other way than by agents! I do not undervalue these, nor any part of the great charities of our times; but there is no complete theory for the permanent relief of the poor without personal visitation. Go from street to street with the city missionary or the best of the police; but sometimes go all alone, and with your own eyes see the poor in the attics, and study the absolutely unspeakable conditions of their daily lives. Not long ago, I was in a suffocated tenement house where five or six points on which I could put my hand were in the boldest violation of the laws which it is the business of the Board of Health in this city to see executed. The death-rate of Boston in summer in the North End is often about thirty-five in the thousand. The registrar-general of England says that any deaths above seventeen in a thousand are unnecessary. Live one day where the children of the perishing poor live, and ask what it is to live there always.

I know a scholar of heroic temper and exquisite culture, who, having taken charge of a promising enterprise for the benefit of the poor in a stifling part of this city, resolved to dwell there among them, day and night, winter and summer. He was a man of what some of you call "blue blood," a graduate of Harvard University, yonder, which you think is simply a gilded coach intended to drag rich men's sons easily through college. His studies had been deep in philosophy, and he meant to make them deep in philanthropy. His wife, an authoress of excellent repute, walked loyally with him into his house in the jaws of the fever-dens. In spite of every precaution, and after the trial of a round year, repeated and desperate illness obliged this man to move his home off the ground, in order to avoid the necessity of putting his body underground. (Mr. Cook's reference here is to William Franklin Davis, who is at the head of the North End Mission.) You cannot understand the poor by newspapers, nor even by novels.

Our distant lavender touches of the miserable, show the barbaric blood yet in our veins. Going about from house to house doing good is a great Christian measure, permanently instituted by a typical Example, which in a better age may be remembered, and be the foundation of a nobility not yet visible on the planet. There was One who washed His disciples' feet, and in that act founded an order of nobility; but this second symbolic act seems not to be apprehended even yet by some good Samaritans—in gloves! The way from Jerusalem to Jericho lies now through the city slums; and, for many an age to come, there will be the spot where men offendest will be left stripped and sore and half dead. We want all good influences of the parlor and press, from literature and the interior church of the Church, to work upon the problem of saving the perishing and dangerous classes in great cities.

Poor naked wretches, whereso'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness defend you
From seasons such as this? Take physic,
Pomp,
Expose yourself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayest shake the superfluous to them.
[Lear, scene IV.]

A MODEL CIRCUIT PLAN.

BY REV. D. P. KIDDER, D. D.

Few persons well acquainted with Wesleyan Methodism have not had occasion to admire the thorough system illustrated in the printed plans specially of its larger circuits. The plans referred to are usually published on broad sheets at the beginning of each quarter, for the guidance of all the preachers, traveling and local, to whom work is assigned at any of the appointments, and equally for the information of the official and private members at the various places embraced in the circuit. Such plans are not wholly unknown in this country and in Canada, but in the United States they are at present very rare, owing to the scarcity of circuits themselves, and also to the simplicity of the work in the few that remain.

It has, however, come to be a matter of interest that our American Methodism is blossoming out in Southern India with a development of the circuit plan not excelled by the best Wesleyan specimens of even Manchester or London. There now lies before me the printed plan of the Madras circuit of the South India Conference of the M. E. Church. The preacher in charge of the circuit is Rev. Charles P. Hard, an alumnus of the Garrett Biblical Institute, who when a student was distinguished for a degree of diligence and thoroughness which gave promise of the success that has attended him in every field of labor to which he has since been appointed, both at home and abroad. No abstract of this plan can convey a really adequate idea of its structure and comprehensiveness; and yet to print it in full would require too much space and the use of too many column rules and figures for a newspaper. I therefore proceed to furnish a summary analysis that will indicate to some extent the nature of the document and the work it represents.

The personnel of the circuit embraces two pastors or Conference preachers, five local preachers, twenty exhortors, and three helpers—thirty-one in all. Two of the local preachers and one exhortor conduct services in the Tamil language. The appointments for divine service embrace some hour of every day or evening of each week. The places for public preaching are fifteen in number. Those for addresses and prayer-meetings are nineteen, besides five places for preaching in Tamil. Eight Sunday-schools are represented, five of them meet from 7 to 8 A. M., and the other three at 4:30 and 5 P. M.—an arrangement due to the heat of the climate. Fellowship bands are held at twenty different places, chiefly at private houses. Teachers' meetings are held at two different places. A Young Men's Christian Association and a Young Ladies' Christian Association hold alternate meetings. A Dorcas and sewing society also has a monthly appointment. Leaders' and stewards' meetings are held monthly, and also a monthly meeting of the Tract Society of the circuit. The work of the quarter was to end with watch-night services at four different places, on the evening of Dec. 31, sermons having been appointed for 10 P. M., at each

place, and the Lord's Supper at midnight.

Some of the curiosities of this plan appear in the strange names of places, e. g., Parawalkum, Jollarpett, Poodoppett, Pandal, Esplanade Pandal and Sooramengalum. The names of persons are chiefly English, including Smith and Jones.

A survey of the Madras circuit plan as a whole not only excites admiration for the skill and completeness of its preparation, but gratitude to God for the proofs it gives of success already attained, as well as for the promise it encourages of still greater results to follow.

OUR ECLECTIC.

PEACE ON EARTH.

"What means this glory round our feet,"
The Magi mused, "more bright than
morn?"

And voices chanted, clear and sweet,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"

"What means this star," the shepherds said,
"That brightens through the rocky gleam?"
And angels answering, overhead,
Sang, "Peace on Earth, good-will to
men!"

"Tis eighteen hundred years, and more,
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for Him, like them of yore;
Alas! He seems so slow to come!"

But it was said, in words of gold,
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold,
In perfect trust to come to Him.

All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving will incline
To that sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds, then,
And kindly clasping hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on Earth, good-will to
men!"

J. R. Lovell.

PARADISE LOST.

His lips were touched at last. Seven years after the Restoration appeared the "Paradise Lost," and four years later the "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes," in the severe grandeur of whose verse we see the poet himself "fallen," like Samson, "on evil days and evil tongues, with darkness and with danger compassed round." But great as the two last works were, their greatness was eclipsed by that of their predecessor. The whole genius of Milton expressed itself in the "Paradise Lost." The romance, the gorgeous fancy, the daring imagination which he shared with the Elizabethan poets, the large but ordered beauty of form which he had drunk in from the literature of Greece and Rome, the sublimity of conception, the loftiness of phrase which he owed to the Bible, blended in this story of man's first disobedience, and the fruit of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste brought death into the world and all our woe. It is only when we review the strangely mingled elements which make up the poem, that we realize the genius which fused them into such a perfect whole. The meagre outline of the Hebrew legend is lost in the splendor and music of Milton's verse. The stern idealism of Geneva is clothed in the gorgeous robes of the Renaissance. If we miss something of the free play of Spenser's fancy, and yet more of the imaginative delight in their own creations which gives so exquisite a life to the poetry of the early dramatists, we find in place of these the noblest example which our literature affords of the ordered majesty of classic form.

But it is not with the literary value of the "Paradise Lost," that we are here concerned. Its historic importance lies in this, that it is the Epic of Puritanism. Its scheme is the problem with which the Puritan wrestled in hours of gloom and darkness—the problem of sin and redemption, of the world-wide struggle of evil against good. The intense moral concentration of the Puritan had given an almost bodily shape to spiritual abstractions before Milton gave life and being to the forms of Sin and Death. It was the Puritan tendency to mass into one vast "body of sin" the various forms of human evil, and by the very force of a passionate hatred, to exaggerate their magnitude and their power, to which we owe the conception of Milton's Satan. The greatness of the Puritan aim in the long and wavering struggle for justice and law and a higher good; the grandeur of character which the contest developed; the colossal forms of good and evil which moved over its stage; the debates and conspiracies and battles which had been men's life for twenty years; the mighty eloquence and mightier ambition which the war had roused into being—all left their mark on the "Paradise Lost." Whatever was highest and best in the Puritan temper spoke in the nobleness and elevation of the poem, in its purity of tone, in its grandeur of conception, in its ordered and equitable realization of a great purpose.

Even in his boldest flights, Milton is calm and master of himself. His touch is always sure. Whether he passes from heaven to hell, or from the council hall of Satan to the sweet conscience of Adam and Eve, his tread is steady and unflinching. But if the poem expresses the higher qualities of the Puritan temper, it expresses no less exactly its defects. Throughout it we feel almost painfully a want of the finer and subtler sympathies, of a large and genial humanity, of a sense of spiritual mystery. Dealing as Milton does with subjects the most awful and mysterious that poet ever chose, he is never troubled by the obstinate questionings of invisible things which haunted the imagination of Shakespeare. We look in vain for any *Æschylean*

background of the vast unknown. As in his earlier poems he had ordered and arranged nature, so in the "Paradise Lost" Milton orders and arranges heaven and hell. His mightiest figures, angel or archangel, Satan or Belial, stand out colossal but distinct. There is just as little of the wide sympathy with all that is human which is so lovable in Chaucer and Shakespeare. On the contrary the Puritan individuality is nowhere so overpowering as in Milton. He leaves the stamp of himself deeply graven on all he creates. We hear his voice in every line of his poem. The cold, severe conception of moral virtue which reigns throughout it, the intellectual way in which he paints and regards beauty (for the beauty of Eve is a beauty which no mortal man may love) are Milton's own. We feel his inmost temper in the stoical self-repression which gives its dignity to his figures. Adam utters no cry of agony when he is driven from Paradise. Satan suffers in a defiant silence.

It is to this intense self-concentration that we must attribute the strange deficiency of humor which Milton shared with the Puritans generally, and which here and there breaks the sublimity of his poem with strange slips into the grotesque. But it is above all to this Puritan deficiency in human sympathy that we must attribute his wonderful want of dramatic genius. Of the power which creates a thousand different characters, which endows each with its appropriate act and word, which loses itself in its own creations, no great poet ever had less. —From GREEN'S *Short History of the English People*.

A GREAT WANT MET.

According to Horace Greeley, one of the chief needs of the age is a "busy man's cyclopædia," and it would be hard to find an intelligent, energetic man who has not often felt this need. It seems evident that if one would know to any great profit, he should know something about almost everything, or at least be able, at the call, to bring this knowledge to his aid. It may be that the last is the best way. There is so much to be known that it is a task too great, and one absorbing by far too much time, to store the memory with all useful knowledge. As a matter of fact, some of the men of our times who are accounted encyclopædic in the knowledge under their control, have gained their power, not by memorizing facts merely, but by so arranging and classifying them as to make immediate access possible in times of need.

But it is not the busy man as a class distinct from all others, who most need a full depository of facts in all departments of knowledge. Every man ought to be a busy man. The great trouble with a very large class of persons, and those whose needs, of all others, should be met, is, that knowledge is by far too expensive for their means. They could, perhaps, afford to "burn the midnight oil," and search for knowledge through all the fields of the wide domain, but now, more than in the time of Solomon, "of making many books there is no end;" and while they might not account it too great a price, if "much study should prove" "a weariness to the flesh," this one thing is sure: few, save those of independent fortunes, can keep within respectable distance of the prolific authors and enterprising publishers of these marvelous tomes. Every year a library drops from pen and press!

A SUGGESTION.

At the first glance, all study might seem to be wasted which is not devoted to the greatest writer in each particular branch of knowledge; but consideration shows the bold attempt to be useless. The exertion of mind is too much for its strength. A scholar of the average capacity reading an author of the sublimity, is a man of the common size going up a hill with a giant; every step is a strain; the easy walk of the one is the full speed of the other. Frequent intervals of rest are needed. He must come down from the high argument into the plain. Over a dozen pages of Bloomfield he recovers from the fatigue of a morning's journey with Dante; and a sermon of Blair gives him breath for another climb with Hooker. —WILLMOTT.

Our Book Table.

HAROLD: A Drama, by Alfred Tennyson (author's edition, from advance sheets). Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co., 16mo, 170 pp. Price \$1.00. The genius of Tennyson flashes all through this drama. The hero, Harold, appears on the arena of English history when the Anglo-Saxon sceptre was about to be broken by the Norman power. Harold, in Normandy, is made to give William an oath that he will help him (William) to the crown of England. He gives the oath against his conscience, and breaks it. Edward the Confessor dies, and assigns his crown, before dying, to Harold, but forbids his marrying Edith, the king's ward, whom Edward commits to a cloister. Harold gives up Edith and takes the crown, marries Aldith, widowed Queen of Wales, who forces herself upon him, and whom he does not love. Harold with his troops meets the Norman forces at the battle-field of Hastings, and perishes in the fight. Edith and Aldith both search for his body among the dead. Edith, in the delirium of her grief, claims to be his wife, and the body of Harold, and points to the ring upon his finger which he had given her, with an H and E engraved upon it, and which she returned to him when King Edward broke their engagement. She falls upon her knees and dies. Aldith, mourning, but the closing sentence of the drama reveals her remorse at the part she has played:—

"My punishment is more than I can bear."

The great poet laureate has poured the charm of his wonderful verse through a stirring chapter of the history of the 11th century, and brought some of the chief actors in the Norman Conquest vividly before us in their own dress, but he has introduced them in the best of 19th century English.

A MANUAL OF SORENTINO AND INLAID WORK FOR AMATEURS; with Original Designs, by Arthur Hope. Chicago: John Wilkinson, 8vo, price \$1.50. One of the most skillful amateur artists with the scroll saw that we have known, is one of our most cultivated and eloquent preachers. His fascinating recreation, after his hours of study, is the production of forms of mechanical beauty in Sorrento work, which grace the walls and tables of his friends. This fine little volume, whose title we give above, tells, in plain language, with admirable illustrations, just how the work is done, all about the simple tools to be used, and adds many striking designs for amateur execution. It also has a large number of graphic silhouette pictures, with instructions as to their production.

HOURS OF THOUGHT ON SACRED THINGS, by James Martineau, LL.D., D. D., Boston: Roberts Brothers, 16mo, price \$1.50. We noticed, a few weeks since, the *Endeavors After the Christian Life*, by the same author. These are later discourses, but much of the same character. They remind us often of the sermons of the late Dr. Sears, the theology of them being very similar, and they have much of that spiritual warmth and unction so noticeable in our American Unitarian divines. They are, however, stronger intellectually, and more philosophical in their character than those of Dr. Sears. They present an entirely different side of Christianity from that which our readers usually contemplate; they lack the simple, trustful faith in the divine mediation and atonement of the Lord Jesus, which we esteem of prime importance, but they present lines of thoughtful meditation upon the philosophical adaptation of Christianity to the human soul, and comforting and suggestive views of Christ as a living and personal Saviour, that a thoughtful and spiritual Christian will read with profit.

HOW TO SEE JESUS, by James William Kimball, American Tract Society, 16mo, 222 pp. No name is more familiar to our leading religious newspapers than that of the devoted author of this profitable little manual. He always writes short, instructive, religious essays; chiefly counsels to seekers, penitents and young Christians. This timely little book is an excellent volume to circulate among inquiring souls, and will be of special use during the coming protracted meetings. It is clear, wholesome and eminently Scriptural.

Lee & Shepard publish a handsome, small quarto, entitled *THE WINKY BROTHERS: A Temperance Story*. It recounts in a lively manner the success of a vigorous temperance movement in Riverdale, under the enthusiastic labors of Mr. Filibrow. It is full of suggestions and practical devices to meet the ordinary objections to such reformatory efforts.

There is only one word of exhortation. No poor man can afford to be without this work; and it is so very cheap he can afford to have it. Is the reader a very poor man? a medical or law student? a young business man struggling against a hard field, information? a minister on a hard field, with a small salary, and hungry for knowledge? Then let him buy no more books until he has put these volumes on his shelf or table, and then, if he does not thank the writer, he may justly be a little proud of his own good sense.

J. O. K.

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ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1877.

Do not be discouraged because the times are hard. God lives and still loves the world.

"Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face."

It is hard, indeed. You must cut off not only luxuries, but many things you have supposed to be necessities. It is wonderful, after all, how few things are absolutely necessary for our comfort. You must look carefully at all outgoes and economies at every point. But do not be down-hearted. Courage endures better than despair. There never was a night that had not a following morning. Even now the night is far spent, and the day is at hand. Be of good cheer. God has not forgotten to be gracious, and His arm is not shortened. Trust Him, diligently using the proper means, and His promise will never fail you.

It is safe to trust God. His promise is our defense from serious suffering if we give to the poor, or pour from our own into His treasury. God does not ask what we have not, but what we have. We are to give as He gives to us. Let us cut off every superfluous until we can meet all God's providential demands upon us. What we give to God by saving, brings a thousand times sweeter benedictions upon us than what we give out of our plenty. Let the subscriptions to the Church and to the charities be the last things to be diminished. He that watched the two mites will mark any sacrifices we cheerfully make for His sake.

A familiar alliteration, used to awaken the attention of young hearers, is not a bad motto for our adult readers in these hours of business distress; but, persistence and piety form an admirable practical trinity. Do not stand still because obstacles are in the way; they are simply tests of our manhood. The iron gate may shut across our path. Press bravely against it, and it will open without hands. Never give over striving against difficulties. Courageous effort will ultimately conquer. Persist in standing against every door of Providence until it swings upon its divine hinges. "Try, try again!" And chief of all, do not forget to pray. God, after all, sends the angel that opens the way. He sees us in our struggles, in the darkness and silence of the night, as when Jacob wrestled by the Jabbok, and He hears us. We may not feel the bodily presence of the Angel of the Covenant, as the patriarch did, but He will ever present Himself to the one that earnestly strives in prayer for the promised blessing. God is not unwilling to hear the prayer for daily bread; He has placed that very prayer in our lips—to be answered!

The providential delay in the opening of the meetings in the Tabernacle, now arranged for Sabbath, the 26th, need not be looked upon as a misfortune. In almost all the evangelical churches meetings are held every evening. They have been increasing in interest, and spiritual power. Christian members are becoming very much aroused, and in earnest to enter upon active personal efforts in the Master's vineyard around them. Already there is a revived condition throughout the Churches in this vicinity, which gives good promise of the wide-spread and powerful reformation which is so much needed, and so much desired. The evangelists will find a large body of prepared men when they come, ready to co-operate with them in hearty labors. They will be surrounded by those whose hearts have been greatly drawn out in prayer in their behalf, and whose faith and hope have been refreshed by the protracted preliminary services which have been held. There will not be the marked change of moral atmosphere, in coming from the crowded and impressive services of Chicago to Boston, that might be apprehended. The Sun of Righteousness has already risen above the horizon in the East with healing under His wings, and our sanctuaries have been penetrated with His light and heat.

The Week of Prayer has been generally regarded throughout New England. In many instances, the broad and diversified subjects of prayer suggested by the Alliance have not been made the topics for supplication and consideration, but simpler, more direct and local objects have been the themes of meditation and hallowed devotion. The first idea of the week of prayer, born as it was on missionary ground in India, which has been too largely overlooked, was to secure the united invocation of Christendom, as of the little Church in Jerusalem at Pentecost, for the blessing of the Holy Spirit upon evangelical labor. Very

largely, in this vicinity, prayer has taken this direction, the present season. Specially has this effusion of the Spirit been sought upon the approaching efforts in the great tabernacle. All claims, in the community, however, have been remembered, particularly the children in our families, in our institutions of learning, and in our Sabbath schools. Some of the most affecting services have been those consecrated to these objects, and already encouraging results begin to appear. Let not the good work be remitted.

Perhaps we ought not to be surprised, but we can hardly see why our neighbors of the Unitarian and Universalist bodies should give themselves so much concern about the approaching revival services. Their own public and social exercises will not be interrupted upon. They need not listen, unless they choose, to the earnest enforcement of the Gospel, as heartily believed and uttered by these manifestly sincere and devout men, nor to the sublime but crimsoned songs that will be poured forth by the thousands gathered in the vast meetings. It ought to be an occasion of gratitude to all professed Christians, that worldly and careless men will yield their time and minds, even for a short period, to the consideration of their highest well-being. Can those who bear the Christian name fail to rejoice in the recovery of young men far down in the road of temptation, and just yielding themselves to the wiles of the devil? Is it not a work to be greatly desired, to grasp drunken men away from their cups, and to win the wretched wanderer of the street back to hope and purity and peace? Is any city of Great Britain, is Philadelphia, New York or Chicago worse, in any form, for the crowded and protracted services held among their masses? Is not the spirit developed in these meetings Christ-like? At the announcement of the sad death of the lamented sweet singer, Bliss, and his cultivated and devoted wife, Mr. Moody, from the attendance upon his meetings, raised \$10,000 for their orphaned children. Why did this money come so readily? What Spirit opened these hearts? Is not this restless, uneasy, anxious, criticizing temper of the "liberal" Christians somewhat significant?

Why do you preach the Gospel? Is it because you have a sense of the sinner's danger? or because you love the Gospel? or because you feel a constraining sense of God's love and pity? Or again, is it because you find the pulpit an appropriate field for the display of your talents, or a sphere for the exercise of your ambition? Do you preach for ease or gain? Have you felt the burden of souls on you, and been constrained, with St. Paul, to cry, Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel?

The effectiveness of your ministrations will depend greatly on the purpose with which they are delivered. The arrow will not go beyond the point for which the bow is bent. In the ministry, as in all else, the results of our labor will not transcend our intention. If our aim be low, we shall have our reward in kind. To make the life of a minister grand, there must be an exalted aim and a ceaseless devotion of all his powers to secure its advantages. It is not the field you occupy that will make your life grand; it is the spirit and purpose with which you do your work. The final "well done," will come to many a minister in humble place, while others in larger or more exalted place may be found wanting in the great day. The possibility of success is in your own hands. Place is in the hands of God; faithfulness is in yours.

It is a solemn thing to hear as well as to preach the Gospel. On that hearing is suspended human destiny. The Gospel will be to you a savor of life or death, as you hear its utterances.

If on the one side Christ cautions the preacher, He is equally explicit on the other in admonishing the hearer. "Take heed how ye hear," is one of His most impressive utterances. Under the influence of this great voice, how can you hear carelessly the words He has commissioned His servants to speak? The words of the preacher are the message of God to your souls uttered by human lips. You ought to hear as for eternity.

To reap the higher advantages the Gospel is designed to confer, you must hear it in sympathy, in an appreciative spirit, with a devout and prayerful heart. The preacher no more needs a preparation to preach, than the hearer does to hear the Gospel. Without this preparation of heart, you are not able to get the gist and core and sweetness of the divine message. Sympathy with Christ opens to the soul the arcana of divine love. In this state how rich to you is the unfolding of truth! It is as the honey in the honey-comb. What depths and heights are disclosed to your anointed vision! What made some sermons you heard so precious, was your own state, rather than any peculiarity in the utterance.

Hear with attention. Do not go to church to be kept awake, but keep awake to hear. There is to be something positive on your part. If you sit as a mere receiving vessel, the truth might as well be poured into a leaky cask as into your soul. It will all leak out, even if it should have any inward reception.

Hear with a spirit of inquiry. Like the Bereans seek to know if these things be as the preacher has announced them. Take nothing without further examination. See how much broader and deeper is the truth than it was developed by the speaker. The Bereans were Protestants; too many hearers, even in Protestant Churches, are Romanists. They accept without examination the dicta of the preacher. They are passive hearers.

Hear with a purpose to put in practice. "For if any man be a hearer of the Word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass; for he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was." But if any man do file will he

shall know of the doctrine. Practical faith is the best commentary on the Word of God.

THE GREATER GIFT.

A providential necessity now rests upon our Church to consecrate the talent of money, even to the point of sacrifice. The occasion for this is twofold: the embarrassing debts that limit the usefulness of our Missionary Society and of our local Church enterprises, and the grand fields of opportunity opening wide and white for the harvest before us. The *esprit de corps* of the Church and its piety are both inspiring forces urging on the people to freely offer of their abundance, or of their penury, to the Lord's treasury. There is little fear that the money will not flow freely when the claims of the world and our obligations to Christ are fairly presented. About the easiest talent, after all, in most cases, to consecrate, is that of money. Many excellent men would be happy to compromise with the Lord and secure remission from other service by generous bestowments of money, even to the point where its gift could be felt, and where considerable planning is required to be able to reserve the contributed amount from the calls of business, or the family requisitions.

But there never was an hour when Providence called more loudly for the man as well as his money, than the present. His money, under the divine eye, will execute its evangelical mission, in the ends of the earth and in the dark places of sin, without his supervision. His prayers may profitably and efficiently follow it; but it will go on working while he is busy with his hands about his secular business, and even while he sleeps. But there is work to be done that his money cannot accomplish. There are services called at hand that require time and talent which it is his duty to render; there are interior circles of influence that no one can reach as well as he. He holds the golden key of the spiritual life of his family and of his business associates. By his faithfulness or unfaithfulness the door of the kingdom of heaven will spring open or remain closed before them.

Just at this time, in an especial manner, is this consecration of personal services required. Large plans of evangelical work for the present season have been laid out. The material arrangements have been made. And now, the most essential thing, the gift of liberal, persevering, personal service is required. By this something more is meant than even the deliberate pledge of a certain allotted portion of time—so many evenings in the week. Something more, even, than a readiness to yield outward service, of prayer or exhortation, or counsel to the inquiring penitent, is needed. Persons may attend revival meetings with much content, make themselves somewhat prominent in proffered services, and yet be a burden rather than a blessing upon the work. What avails the formal, unsympathetic words of a worldly and backslidden professor of religion, should he suddenly start up and address those in whose presence he has long been silent, and whom his unspiritual life has driven from, rather than drawn to, the Cross? What is the influence of his short, stereotyped, chilling family prayers at home, over the fireside circle? What religious benefits follows his unself instructions in his Sabbath-school class?

Something more is wanting. The man is in no condition to do effective service. A very important and radical work must be accomplished in himself. He has grieved away the Holy Spirit from his life and heart. He has no distinct persuasion of his own discipleship. He is not without his doubts, in his benumbed condition, as to the fact of his ever enjoying the holy peace and fervor of a really renewed heart. He is at a loss how to commence a religious conversation. He would be not a little discomfited if his business neighbor should come to his place of labor, and with much feeling should ask him to point out for him the way of life, and to help him trust himself upon the promise of God. There would be a hollowness in his voice if he attempted prayer, and an indelicacy in all his religious counsels.

What the man needs himself is a new baptism from on high. He has lost the vision of his Redeemer, and in the absence of the Holy Spirit has no moral power. No work of disciplining others can be done until a Pentecost has come to his own heart. When the Holy Spirit fell upon the apostles in the temple they spoke with tongues. Nothing opens the mouth and gives a persuasive power to the Word like a baptism of the Holy Spirit. It is this that makes the trembling voice of the newly converted man so impressive and persuasive; that breaks down the hardened and wearisome repetitions of the commonplace of religion, and pours from the lips of the mature Christian a tender, fresh, and perennial outflow of irresistible divine evidence and loving persuasion.

Many are waiting for the expected meetings to secure such a renewal of their inward life; and they may wait through them without receiving it. This blessing comes not from the human instruments, but from a divine source. The person must place himself in the right attitude before God and man. There is an honest, self-denying work of confession, of earnest praying, and of hearty personal consecration, to be accomplished. The buyers and sellers are to be driven out by the Lord of the temple may come in and fill it with His glory.

This is the greater gift which is now required—the gift of ourselves re-

newed by the Holy Spirit and refused with divine implements to do brave and effective work in the Master's vineyard. The greater, beyond doubt, will include the less. If a hearty and entire surrender be made to God, and the heart be filled with the Spirit, all other requisitions will be readily and easily met. After Waterloo all minor skirmishings cease. The consecration of money, of time, and of effort will follow as an inevitable necessity. There will be no difficulty in introducing religious topics of conversation. The heart will be too full to permit the lips to rest, and too much possessed with one theme to introduce another. "I fear I shall be a poor companion for you," said a Christian gentleman who had received a fresh vision of his Redeemer, when asked to accompany some friends upon a short tour. "I am so full of a blessed interview which I had a night or two since with the Lord, I can hardly call my mind away to think or talk upon any other subject." One of that company, who sat upon the seat in the steam-car with that earnest Christian, will never forget that ride.

This is the contribution we now plead for—the honest and prayerful gift of the man himself unto the Lord. Let it be done, alone, in the silence of the closet, thoughtfully, and weighing all that is involved in the gift; and let not the work be esteemed completed until the persuasion of its acceptance is made undoubted by the testimony of the Holy Spirit.

THE RUSSIAN LAMB.

It seems that the world has done Russia great injustice in calling her a "bear." The animal turns out to be a lamb—its own assurances being its testimony. At the recent conference between Alexander II and Lord Loftus, the English ambassador at St. Petersburg, the emperor took special pains to go into an argument to prove that great injustice had been done to Russia by this emblem of its instincts. He denied that his predecessors have had any desire to enter into wars of conquest, and especially they had never cast envious eyes towards Turkey or Constantinople. It would have been a wild and foolish dream to have indulged in, and Russia could do no more injudicious deed than to accept Constantinople, were it offered to her.

Alexander declared that the so-called will of Peter the Great, was a forgery; in which he was right; but it was what Peter ought to have done according to the sense of the nation, and the animus of his own actions; for Peter made conquests wherever he could, and his successors have certainly done the same thing. The czar even denied that Catherine II had any sinister designs on Constantinople. But here the monarch's memory failed him, for there are many documents that place it beyond doubt that he intended Constantinople as a gift for her descendant; her letters to the Austrian emperor, Joseph II, prove this conclusively.

Alexander said, some time ago, that he sincerely desired peace, but that he was the only man in his realm that did; and he may say about the same thing concerning the desire for conquest. He may not desire to make any, but he is about the only Russian who does not; for the Russian press, year after year, has shown a steady move in this direction. But when the emperor struck the key-note a few weeks ago, the Russian journals toned down their demands, as they knew they must, and became more peaceful. These assertions have not been without their influence. A goodly portion of England has bitten at the bait, and therefore the monster conferences to denounce the Turk, and say pleasant things to their natural enemies, the Russians. They are now ready to acknowledge that the "bear" has become a lamb, while the Turk is a very turkey.

In this way, Russia has led the Great Powers into a conference, and in this latter has succeeded mainly in obtaining the sanction of that body for her own propositions. These are laid before the Turk, who replies that it is simply impossible for him to accept them, and live and reign in the presence of his people. The English plenipotentiary, Lord Salisbury, then abandons the Sultan to his own ill luck, orders the English fleet away from Besika Bay, and departs for a season, under the extension of the truce till the first of March. And now the tone of the Russian press immediately alters: "If Russia is to carry out the decision of the Powers, she must have their sympathy and aid, for the quarrel is theirs as well as hers." Verily, this is a sharp diplomacy. And to give edge to it, they are beginning to suggest that if Russian blood must flow for this purpose, then Russia must have its reward. And what other prize can pay her than the heritage of the "sick man?" The Russian nation at large knows no other goal for this "holy war" to which it is summoned, than the Russian Cross on the summit of St. Sophia, instead of the Crescent.

It will not be unprofitable to test this lamb-like character of Russia by the teachings of history. The two States that bounded Russia on the west were Poland and Turkey. Poland fell, and its history is instructive. There is a striking similarity between the language of the present Russian diplomatists, and that which preceded their treatment of unhappy Poland before they absorbed it. As Russia to-day contends only for the cause of humanity in Turkey, so then it proceeded purely in the interests of peace. As the emperor Alexander and his chancellor to-day repudiate with scorn every insinuation of conquest, so Catharine,

in her day, affirmed that her only object was to secure quiet to all parties in the distracted kingdom, and insure to them the sweet blessings of peace. None but envious and slanderous tongues could say of her that she desired to acquire Polish soil. Envious purposes lay so far from her that she finally declared: "I shall never raise any claim to Polish territory; on the contrary, I shall insure the integrity of the land if any other power ever attempts to seize Poland." These assurances were being given at the very period when secret negotiations were in progress with Prussia for the division of Poland.

And when Russian troops entered Poland as an army of protection, neither the generous-hearted czarina nor her ministers thought for a moment of conquest; the maternal heart of the noble lady only yearned that useless blood might not be spilled. But, nevertheless, Polish provinces were finally annexed to Russia, and the kingdom of Poland ceased to be; and all the time the great czarina was acting more in the interest of Poland than in that of Russia. Now, in such important events as those at present before the council table of Constantinople, it is better to lay aside all finely-spoken theories of humanity, etc., and take deeds rather than words. Although the Russian idiom is no honeyed one, its words have sounded well; but they have rarely been in harmony with the actual fruits by which we shall know them.

As long as Alexander remained in his peaceful retreat of Livadia, in the Crimea, he seemed to be averse to conflict. On his journey to Moscow he was surrounded by prominent officers who counseled war; and in the ancient Kremlin in the city, he made the now famous war-like address to the representatives of the government of Moscow. He is said to have begun his address on a peaceful key, which was received with ominous silence. This seemed to disturb him, for he knew that he had not struck the chord of the popular heart. He then added the fiery reply to Beaconsfield's challenge of the day before, in England, which was received with storms of applause by the representatives. Alexander is, in some regards, the most absolute monarch on earth; and yet he is not independent of the popular will; he needs and desires to know, and must, to a large extent, reflect it. In States that have liberal constitutions, the regular and orderly representatives of the people make known this will; but in a State absolutely ruled, as is Russia, the monarch must obtain his knowledge of the popular fibre in some other way. He often needs to do it gropingly and tentatively, as in the above case. But few monarchs are so blind as not to try to do it in some way. Even the Sultan replied to Salisbury: "I cannot respond to your demands, because my people will not let me." The Powers therefore take a little more time to tone down the sentiment of the Turks at large by foreign assistance in the first place, and in the second, by endeavoring to convince them that a lamb and not a "bear," desires to show them how to rule their provinces.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR: Since I last wrote to you, we have sustained as a Connection some severe bereavements. Rev. Alfred Barrett held for many years a high and honorable place in our ministry, and was at one time governor of our Theological College at Richmond. He was a man of very deep piety and elevated spirituality of mind. His intellect had been carefully trained and cultivated, and he furnished to our literature several works that did us no small credit. There is in some of them an air of mysticism, and in others what are generally thought to be unduly High-Church principles; and in most of them there is a pensive, if not melancholy, tone which harmonized but too well with his timid and retiring nature. But they are pervaded by an exquisite sweetness which reflected his own gentle and saintly temper, and have ministered to the spiritual delight and edification of multitudes. His two small volumes of "Pastoral Addresses" are models of what such discourses should be, dealing with the deepest questions of the heart, and setting forth the Pattern of godly living with great fidelity and tenderness. For some years he had lived in retirement, in consequence of an attack of paralysis. The nature of his disease deprived him in a great degree of the society of his brethren, and of the benefit of his conversation. He passed away gently to his rest some weeks ago, leaving behind him a memory that "shall blossom from the dust."

One of the ablest and most honored men ever in the Wesleyan ministry very soon followed Mr. Barrett. Rev. Dr. Waddy is, no doubt, well known by reputation to many on your side of the Atlantic. Here he was truly "a man of renown." In every respect he occupied a foremost place among us. As a divine, he was both learned and profound; as a preacher, he was singularly original, practical, heart-searching, and not unfrequently marvelously eloquent, and overwhelmingly argumentative, oratorical, and spiritual power. Some of his greater sermons were prodigies in their way. He was, moreover, a keen politician, belonging conspicuously in his later years to the liberal party, though at one time he was considered to be a pretty high Tory. He did not, however, commit himself publicly on political questions, except where the interests of religion were obviously in danger of being compromised. He was an earnest and very formidable antagonist of popery; and many of his platform invectives against its principles and policy

told with crushing effect. His views on the education question—especially on higher education—were in advance of his time. It was due chiefly to his energetic and enlightened advocacy that our more respectable laymen woke up to the necessity of providing a thoroughly collegiate, and, at the same time, religious and Wesleyan education for their sons. He was the originator of the scheme for building Wesley College—an institution which has conferred immense benefits on Methodism; and which was soon followed by the establishment of a similar one at Taunton.

Dr. Waddy was the leading spirit in the management of Wesley College from the beginning, and, in the natural and necessary course of things, he became the governor and chaplain, and exercised supreme and almost autocratic power within its walls. He held the office for eighteen years, and the benefits of his firm, wise, and genial rule are incalculable. He was specially revered by the senior students, and, indeed, his influence over young men was always very great. He won a distinguished place in the regards of the townsmen of Sheffield, and was ranked among the most accomplished and influential among them. His Christian sympathies were wide and deep, and his spirit was eminently catholic; so that he lived on the best terms with the most eminent and gifted of his contemporaries belonging to other Churches. But, perhaps he was most remarkable among us for his skillful and trenchant debating power in the Conference. In my time, he had in this respect but one superior—if indeed as a debater he was superior—the late Dr. Bunting. Dr. Waddy had not the far-seeing penetration and comprehensive grasp of Dr. Bunting; but in his power of argument and the influence and effect of his Conference oratory, he came marvelously near that grand and glorious man.

It is impossible to give any true account of Dr. Waddy without dwelling emphatically on his astonishing wit. In this he was certainly unrivaled. He often reminded one of the late Sidney Smith, whom he at least equaled in all the legitimate displays of this faculty; while he far surpassed in moderation, self-restraint, and Christian decorum, that irreverent, reverend joker. Smith was often a mere jester. That cannot be said of Dr. Waddy. There was a classic grace, an Attic purity, as well as pungency, in his witty sayings, that took them far out of the sphere of low comedy, and made him the delight and joy of cultivated audiences and a host of loving and admiring friends. In repartee, in *bons mots*, in pun, in every conceivable form, his wit scintillated and sparkled continually. His rising to speak in Conference was the signal for a universal hush, and every face turned eagerly to listen, brightening into smiles even before he opened his mouth. And we were never disappointed. Even when he did not convince, he delighted; and every one felt that he had given us the richest of intellectual treats. And he never bordered on irreverence, or sinned against propriety and purity. His demeanor in the pulpit was invariably grave and dignified. With his quick sense of the ludicrous, and faculty of playing on words, he must often have been tempted even in the pulpit to provoke untimely mirth. But he was entirely free from blame in this respect. The house and work of God were invariably treated with an awful reverence, indicative of the depth of his devotion, and the completeness of his self-control.

This gifted and delightful man began to fail physically some six or seven years since. It is a little more than six years since he retired from active work, and became a supernumerary. I saw him occasionally during the first two or three years of his retirement. It was beautiful to observe the serene and even habit of his mind, and the increasing gentleness and tenderness of his manner. In his palmy days he was an intellectual athlete, and had the reputation of being a little rugged and stern; and his command of sarcasm made many men a good deal afraid of him. Everything of this kind was smoothed away long before he died; and his life's evening was mellow, loving, gentle, and grateful in the extreme. He became gradually weaker in body and mind, and occasionally had slight attacks of paralysis, aggravating and accelerating softening of the brain. Yet his removal came suddenly, and was quite unexpected. I see that his eldest son, the eminent Queen's counsel, and member of parliament for Barnstable, has just published the first series of selected sermons by his father. It is a precious book, and will both extend and perpetuate the author's renown.

London Methodism has just been deprived, by death, of a district treasurer of our Children's Fund—Mr. Sydney B. Hodge, of Highbury, a wealthy and generous supporter of the various institutions of Methodism. His death was awfully sudden. He had left home one morning in apparently perfect health; was seized with apoplexy while in his counting-house, and died in a quarter of an hour. He was a good man, and there is no doubt that he has joined "the spirits of just men made perfect."

Last month was a special one in the history of London Methodism. A revival mission was held in all the metropolitan circuits, extending over at least a week in each, and in several cases, a fortnight. The mission was preceded by two conventions, one of ministers only on a single day, and one of ministers and workers together, extending over two days. These conventions were wonderful seasons of spiritual influence and blessing. Many

subjects relating both to the work of God, and to various departments of Christian duty, were devoutly considered, and "the spirit of grace and of supplication," was abundantly vouchsafed. The mission services were held night after night, and a noonday prayer-meeting was held every day. In many cases great numerical results were realized, and everywhere the tone of piety among the members of the society has been much deepened. So far as my observation went, however, one chief fruit of this movement is to have laid bare the numerical and moral feebleness of London Methodism. In my own neighborhood, many thousand hand-bills announcing the services had been distributed, and hundreds of domiciliary visits were paid; yet I am sure there were never more than twenty persons not belonging to our congregations present at any service. But it is too soon to attempt an estimate of the general effect of the mission. Movements of a similar character have been promoted in many parts of the country. Our excellent president has thrown himself into the work with characteristic ardor. He has been all his life a notable evangelist, and is evidently greatly enjoying himself in his evangelizing expeditions up and down the country. Already many of our Churches have been greatly benefited; and I fully expect the Christmas returns will show a large increase in the number of members.

Our connexional departments are in active operation. The education committee have just obtained a very satisfactory decision from the educational committee of the privy council. There has been for many years on the code of the council a rule requiring that no master obtaining a grant from the government as a day-school teacher should be allowed to exercise any spiritual function. Probably in practice this has long been inoperative. At any rate, monks, nuns, Roman confraternities, etc., have been employed in Roman Catholic day-schools supported out of the grant from the consolidated fund; and hundreds of Church of England masters have been in the habit of acting as Scripture readers, and even of discharging the duties of curates. So, also, many of our most able and successful masters have acted as local preachers. Latterly, that spirit of High-Church bigotry, from which we have suffered so much, has shown itself in an attempt to silence all such men. Had that attempt succeeded, we should have lost the services of many of our very best local preachers. Representations were made by our committee on this subject, and the committee of council has just agreed to rescind the regulation.

YOUR ENGLISH CORRESPONDENT.
London, Dec. 22, 1876.

Editorial Items.

HANOVER STREET METHODIST REUNION.—We are glad to learn that the Methodist Church on Hanover Street has had a prosperous year thus far. The faithful handful who, a few years ago, began their work under such discouraging circumstances, have not only been able to "hold the fort," but have advanced upon the enemy's lines, until a Methodist Church in the North End seems no longer to be an impossibility. The good influences of the "home camp-meeting," which was enjoyed by so many from other Churches, have proved to be abiding. We understand that since last September there have been about thirty-two conversions, and twenty united with the Church. Such a work as this in the North End certainly deserves the sympathy of all those who are longing for the lifting up of those who have fallen into sin. We hope there will be a general rally of Methodists at the reunion announced on another page, on the 24th inst. The Church now has a strong working force of its own. They do not intend to beg other Churches, even for pecuniary aid, although it is greatly needed, and will be gladly received, if given voluntarily. What they do need is to be made to feel they have the hearty sympathy and earnest prayers of the Methodist people of Boston and vicinity. This can be done by flocking in to their great reunion. Let the old members of "North End" come together again, take each other by the hand, look into each other's faces, and gathering around the table, together have one more religious feast.

The latest illustration of the settlement of personal controversies under the rules of the "code of honor," will have little influence in throwing back the progress of Christian civilization. The whole thing is ridiculous enough to become the world's laughing stock, if it did not involve such serious possibilities. What a revelation of modern social life is given by this sudden lightning flash separating the dark curtain that usually hangs over it! What a sad use of intellectual ability, of wealth and of vigorous young manhood, is disclosed in these incidents made public by the open transgression of the laws of the land! What reasonable expectation can be had of a happy domestic life, where drunken disabilities prevent again and again the consummation of the appointed marriage rites! Wealth will be a poor solace for a broken heart. We trust the officers of justice, in this case, will permit no effort to remain unattempted to visit the full sanction of the law upon all persons involved in the late disgraceful and ridiculous duel.

The third Annual Report of the president of Boston University is a remarkably full and interesting document. It is hard to think of a question connected with any interest of the different schools of the university that does not find an answer in these forty beautifully printed pages. It will gratify all the friends of this very prosperous institution to see such unquestioned evidences of its rapid and solid growth. With all its limitations, through lack of suitable buildings and adequate funds, it is training, in its various departments, a large body of young ladies and gentlemen. This year it has its four regular classes in the college of Liberal Arts, and will graduate its first. All the schools have prospered through the year; in nearly every instance the classes being larger than heretofore. Prof. Bowen, in the philosophical department of the college of Liberal Arts, is winning, as he merits, the highest testimonial to his marked ability both as a scholar and a teacher. Judge Bennett succeeds Mr. Hillard, whose failure of

health has been greatly benefited, as one of the best. When the golden age once more returns, Boston University will be crowned with ample endowments.

Prof. Wm. I. Marshall, whose stereoscopic exhibition before the Boston Preachers' Meeting, of the wonders of the Yellowstone National Park, accompanied by his truly admirable explanatory lecture, was noticed in *ZION'S HERALD* a few weeks since, has recently had a number of his more striking views colored in exact imitation of nature, which add immensely to their beauty and effect. Dr. McKim, who saw them on that occasion, and witnessed an exhibition of them last Thursday evening, says that the effect and interest are greatly heightened by the coloring; and that he considers the exhibition, as now given by Mr. Marshall, one of the most delightful, instructive and every way admirable, that he has enjoyed. There is no portion of the globe that can compare in natural objects of interest and beauty with this part of our national domain, and next to visiting it, it is to see the exhibition of Mr. Marshall.

At a missionary meeting held last Sabbath in the Malden M. E. Church, Bishop Foster was present. A fine missionary enthusiasm was awakened. With the collection taken and money otherwise raised, the amount of \$700 will be reached; which is much in advance of previous years. With the amount collected for the woman's mission the handsome sum of \$1,500 will be secured.

Bishop Foster of Boston, Joshua Merrill of Boston, and Willis Phelps of Springfield were elected Trustees of Boston University at their annual meeting.

Our old friend and college-mate, Dr. Ira Perry, of Roseland, left upon our table, a short time since, a very handsomely printed card, six inches by ten, upon which he has arranged, quite successfully and impressively, a system of intellectual and moral philosophy, with graphic illustrations. The three divisions of the mind—intellect, sensibilities and will—and their relation to religion, under the heads of knowledge, doubt and faith, are happily presented. This instructive card, teaching through the eye, and leaving a lasting impression on the mind, can be obtained of the Doctor by forwarding to him a ten cent stamp.

Dr. Whedon, of the *Methodist Quarterly* started for Leesburg, Florida, last week. He, with Mrs. Whedon, was on board the unfortunate train that ran off the track below Alexandria, Va. The telegraph announced that the Doctor and his wife were seriously injured. We have no additional information, but trust that the first dispatch conveys a stronger statement than the result will prove. Our sympathies and anxieties have been awakened by the announcement, and we sincerely hope that the health and vigor of one whose life and services are so valuable to the Church, have not been periled by this painful casualty. Dr. Whedon desires to have his correspondence forwarded to Leesburg, Fla.

B. B. Russell, 53 Cornhill, has in press a new book on Moody and Sankey, edited by Rev. Elias Nason. It will open with a life of the evangelists, bringing their career down to the opening of the meeting in the Boston Tabernacle. The account of their work in Europe is to be written by Rev. W. F. Malin, D. D. Their recent work in Chicago will be described by Rev. Geo. F. Pentecost, D. D. There is also to be in the same volume, a portrait and sketch of the late P. P. Bliss, author of "Hold the Fort," and many other hymns sung by Mr. Sankey. The book will be issued early in February.

The New Year Sabbath Committee, 31 Bible House, issue a remarkably calm and strong appeal, in a tract form, in behalf of the sanctity of the Sabbath. It is entitled, *A Few Plain Words on Some Rights and Duties of American Citizens*, as secured by Sunday Laws and Sunday Liberty. The tract should be widely circulated.

A large and interested audience listened to a lecture last Thursday evening in Wesleyan Hall by Mrs. Clara P. Bess, who gave some very sensible and suggestive advice on the topic of "Our Girls," correcting many false notions as to feminine employments, and enforcing many wholesome truths.

The January number of the *Advocate of Christian Holiness* is specially excellent. Dr. Steele gives a fourth part of his searching review of the Antinomianism of the Plymouth Brethren. For always welcome India correspondence, Rev. James Mudge has two papers, one eminently instructive and suggestive upon "running and resting," and an account of a late camp-meeting at Lockwood. The remaining articles are varied and valuable for spiritual food. It is a solid, satisfying religious monthly, bringing meat for the sustenance of full-grown men and women in Christ Jesus.

Rev. W. J. Inskip, agent, Philadelphia.

The instructive and encouraging address of Dr. Albert Day upon one of the saddest of themes—Inebriety and its Cure—delivered before the Suffolk District Medical Society, last December, is published. Dr. Day is superintendent of the Washington Home, formerly of the Inebriates' Hospital, Binghamton. He speaks as an expert, and his words may bring hope to some despairing families, and to wretched victims of appetite.

The Church in Hyde Park, under the editorial supervision of its popular and faithful pastor, issues the *Christmas Chronicle*, a finely printed paper of well-arranged miscellany, and what was more to the purpose, of paying advertisements. Success to this brave Church, struggling hopefully under its heavy debt!

If any Church or society wishes, during the lecture season, to secure a very interesting and instructive lecturer, let them call upon Rev. J. M. Fulton, M. A., of Montpelier, for his lecture "On My Own, My Native Land," &c., Nova Scotia, or "Three Years' Residence in the Island of Bermuda." They will not be disappointed, and will find his terms reasonable.

perism and emigration, from our correspondence at the time. The published proceedings make an octavo pamphlet of nearly 200 pages. It is a document of more than ordinary practical value, and is devoted to the consideration of some of the most interesting topics in social science. Copies of it can be obtained at the office of F. B. Sanborn, esq., Secretary of the Social Science Association, Pemberton Square.

William Ware & Co., Boston, publish what they affirm to be the *Simon pure Farmer's Almanac* for the year 1877, the latest and most accurate of the kind. It has the ancient look and taste, and some nice interlarded pages of modern white paper for a daily diary.

The twelfth annual catalogue of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in connection with its census of students, gives a full account of its methods and apparatus, and is one of the best published and most successful polytechnic schools in the country. John D. Runkle, esq., is its president, and thirty-four professors are associated with him in the faculty.

Brig. Jasper, Capt. Williams, the vessel in which Bishop Haven and his company sailed, is reported as arrived at Monrovia, without date. Letters will undoubtedly be soon received.

The various evangelical ministers' meetings of Boston continued last Monday in a union prayer-meeting for the blessing of God upon the coming revival at Melrose, and a very earnest succession of prayers and hymns followed each other.

Notes from the Churches.

MASSACHUSETTS.
Boston.—The 64th anniversary of the Trinity M. E. Sunday-school (Bunker Hill District) was observed on a recent Sunday evening, with interesting exercises. From the report of the secretary, Mr. E. P. Faunce, it appears that there has been a large increase of membership during the past year, the present number being 555. The yearly collections have amounted to \$336.40, and the library contains 980 volumes. Only four deaths have occurred during the year. The address of the superintendent, B. F. Hatch, detailing the history of the school during its half-century's existence, gave evidence of diligent research and painstaking, and will prove a valuable historical monument. He also touched upon the past and the future of the school, and called upon to review the story of its early years. Mr. Hatch retired from the office of superintendent after five years of faithful service.

Hymns sung by the children and an address by our ubiquitous Sunday-school secretary, Dr. J. H. Vincent, followed; and the benediction, pronounced by the pastor, Dr. W. B. Clark, closed this most interesting anniversary.

Auburn.—The day of prayer for schools and colleges was observed by a gathering in the evening, of the citizens and students in the chapel of LaSalle Seminary. Besides singing and prayer, addresses were made by Rev. W. McDonald, B. K. Peirce, D. D., and Rev. C. C. Culler. Brother McDonald spoke pleasantly and earnestly on the danger of losing one's religion at school; how many things there are to draw aside one's mind and heart, and urged the Christian young women to hold fast and to work. Dr. Peirce talked very wisely in a moment of time to the hearts of the young women, and many eyes were moistened as he spoke of the silent and swift coming and going of God's mercies, and plead with them to use wisely the opportunities at their door, illustrating by the motto on the face of the clock—"Perpetua sed impatiens."

He also touched upon the vast fields for service, open and opening to educated Christian women. God has made openings faster than our women have filled themselves to enter them. Rev. Mr. Culler followed with a vivid and natural description of the joys of a school life, often not felt till they are past; the fact that the Christian student was the more joyful and successful, and the opportunity for educated girls to make their homes happier. Surely some of us will pray for our girls at school, and they for themselves more earnestly, for this pleasant and solemn occasion.

Manassah.—From the opening of our new church (Emmanuel), it was thought best to adopt as many of the progressive measures of Church life as the circumstances of the case would admit. Worshipping in a hall with free seats, the system of weekly subscriptions to be paid on the first Sunday of each month was deemed the best way to raise the money for the support of the minister. This system has been in successful operation to the present time, with no disposition to change. Congregational singing was also adopted as the form of Church music; consequently there has been no disaffection in the choir, nor any of the other evils incidental to this department of Church worship. Responsive reading of the New Testament is also a feature in the service, in which all the congregation are invited to join, thereby giving all something to do in each of the parts of the service, except the preaching; the people uniting in the repetition of the Lord's prayer, according to the recommendation of the Discipline, with the minister. In this way all the people are engaged in each of the parts of the service, instead of idly permitting the minister to perform all services of public worship alone.

Springfield District.—We have read with delight the account of your great missionary meeting in Boston. That meeting will be felt in all New England, as everything in Boston is felt more than one hundred miles away. We have also had one at Springfield, some of the returning brethren from Boston stopping here. Bishop Foster came with them. It was his first appearance in western Massachusetts. He was warmly greeted, and his very presence will do us good. But this was the least of it. His words and spirit made a deep impression on our auditors, and served the double purpose to draw out our sympathies for missions and for him. Rev. Dr. Rice presided. The choir sang an anthem. Dr. Dashiell began the addresses. He was to have been short; but how could he be? With head and heart full just what we wanted, and ought to hear, his address was short in every aspect save cutting down the speakers to follow. Oliver Hoyt, esq., gave an earnest appeal to the Church to promote it. Then came the Bishop. His address was more familiar than his sermons, practical and with special clearness; and with his own peculiar power he pressed home his message to the hearts of his most attentive auditors. Hundreds of dollars will be added to our collections from this meeting.

A series of missionary meetings is projected for the district. Meetings to be addressed by several pastors are proposed for Shelburne Falls, January 16th; Greenfield, Jan-

uary 25th; and Northampton, January 28th, with more to follow. They will be held wherever desired. May the call be heard all along the line!

Brother W. W. Lo Baron, of State Street Church, Springfield, but better known in connection with the labors of the Springfield praying band, and one of the most useful lay workers we have ever known, has gone to his rest. For several weeks he has been prostrate with disease, and was laid away at rest January 11th. Many will mourn his loss who will all the more strive to meet him in heaven. The district has suffered a great loss in consequence, as he has been eminently successful in evangelistic labors.

Rev. I. A. Mesler, the indefatigable pastor at Russell, has at last achieved his herculean task of lifting his Church debt. The difficulties of this case will be hardly appreciated by the general Church. The discouragements of the pastor were overwhelming to most men; yet quietly and persistently he has pressed his suit at all points, till at last the whole amount is secured. It has been a marvel of noble work, which if not duly appreciated on earth is fully recognized in heaven. If some brother or sister who can afford it, would send him a donation, it would prove a mission of mercy to a most needy, deserving and uncompaining young pastor.

The frequent and severe snow storms have rendered our congregations unusually small of late. In some services have been wholly suspended. Some drifts in the roads are now more than twelve feet deep. The snow now lies three and a half deep in the woods among the mountains; yet the main lines of travel are open, and preachers and Presiding Elders are pushing on their work. The Presiding Elder is visiting every Church where meetings have been held on the district, save the old Beach Hill meeting-house. In school-houses and halls where it is desirable to hold service, and in protracted meetings, he is rendering assistance in his quarterly rounds.

MAINE.

Auburn.—The Hampshire Street M. E. Church in Auburn is evidently gathering strength. On Sabbath afternoon, 7th inst., six were received into the Church. Already there are waiting for reception eleven more, and five for baptism. This is encouraging for the pastor, who is working hard for his lot.

Waterville.—Waterville is having an eminent lecture course this winter. Rev. W. H. Murray, H. A. Storey, Miss Lillian Edgerton, Hon. C. D. Murray, and Wendell Phillips, are among those engaged for the course. The religious denominations in Waterville are actively engaged in promoting the cause of temperance and Christianity among the people. Brother J. Sanderson, pastor of the Methodist Church, is enjoying a prosperous year with his enterprising society.

The Main Street Baptist Church in Brunswick is enjoying an interesting religious interest, which is expected to advance to all the Churches.

Rev. Frank W. Bakeman was installed pastor of the Court Street Baptist Church in Auburn, Wednesday evening, Jan. 3d. Rev. James McWhinnie, of Portland, preached the installation sermon.

Eight graduates of Colby University are now studying theology at the Newton Theological Institute.

The Oxford Baptist quarterly meeting held its last session with the Baptist Church at Bryan's Pond, Dec. 26-27. Sermons were preached by Rev. E. G. Farly, Rev. H. C. Edes, D. D., and Brother J. L. Stevens, of Augusta, and Mrs. C. A. L. Sampson of Bath; executive committee, L. J. Stevens, H. K. Baker, and Simon Page. The school is in a very healthy condition in all respects, but more room is needed for the accommodation of pupils. The institution is well deserving of the liberal patronage of the State.

Rev. H. Chase, of Peak's Island, and his people, are enjoying a precious revival. The revival interest has been in progress about three weeks, and pervades the whole island. A large number of middle-aged and young people have already been converted, and the work goes on.

The Methodist Church at Alfred has been undergoing thorough repairs, and is remodelled into a very neat and attractive church. It will be opened for rededication about the middle of February.

The Orchard Beach camp-meeting association, at a recent meeting, appointed a committee to draft plans for a boarding-house, to take the place of the one burned last fall.

The week of prayer was observed by nearly all the societies in Portland, and a good degree of interest prevailed in some of the Churches. Rev. J. A. Strout is holding union meetings with the Congregationalists at both points on his charge, with encouraging prospects at both places.

There is said to be 44,244 feet of land in the city of Portland owned as church property, on which there is no tax paid. The York Institute, of Saco, at a recent meeting, elected Hon. Edwin W. Wedgewood, president, and Rev. Dr. Nichols, corresponding secretary.

EAST MAINE.

There is an increasing religious interest at Wiscasset, in the M. E. Church. "Five new cases, and the tide rises." Brother Winslow has been harvesting at Pitton village. Twenty-five reclaimed and converted. Fifteen have joined the class, and "we expect the good work to go on."

Rev. D. Smith of the Bremen and Round Pond charge, whose misfortune in the loss of his horse was chronicled recently, has had a present of another horse, fifteen dollars in cash, and a copy of Webster's Unabridged—all from the people of his charge. Served him just right.

We are having a rough and stormy winter thus far—an excellent opportunity for exercising the patience and endurance of Presiding Elders, in this Down East country, as well as their skill in breaking roads.

Bangor.—A watch-meeting of a very interesting character was held at the Union Street Methodist Church in this city. Usual services were rendered by Rev. J. S. Crook, Devine, and Fay. The reports of our Sunday students, and two hundred persons remained to the close of the exercises. The week of prayer was quite generally observed by the evangelical Churches of Bangor. More than ordinary interest is shown in the meetings.

New manifestations of Christian activity appear in this section of Zion's field, and, throughout the Penobscot valley, the prophetic prayer, "O Lord, revive Thy work!" ascends to the ear of heaven. Oh, that it may increase in holy fervor, for "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force!"

The Penobscot county conference of Congregational Churches has just closed an interesting semi-annual session at the Central Church. Sermons were delivered by Rev. J. Crook, Devine, and Fay. The reports of the various delegates were of more than average character as regards religious life. "Church work" and "revivals" were discussed at length.

Prof's S. S. and Clara Baldwin have devoted two evenings to a public exposure of modern spiritualism, in Xenophobia. They assume to do by human agency all that the most famous mediums claim to accomplish by the aid of spirits. Their exercises appear very convincing to the audience, and it is thought that mediums will henceforth be less pretentious as regards their claims to supernatural power.

RHODE ISLAND.

The society at Pascoag has prospered so greatly that an additional building must be erected, which will afford one hundred and twenty additional sittings. Another decided improvement will be the removal of the organ to the rear of the pulpit. A very pleasant incident occurred a few evenings since in that place. The pastor, Brother Cady, was called to baptize a child in one of the homes of his parish. On arriving at the house, he found nine children awaiting baptism. Before the gathering broke up, twelve unconverted persons gave expression to their purpose to lead a Christian life, ten of whom were heads of families.

Rev. A. A. Cleveland will supply the pulpit and attend to the pastoral work of the Church at East Providence until Conference.

The Thames Street Church, encouraged by their success in getting out of debt, now propose to purchase an organ.

The event of the week in the religious circles of Providence has been the death of Dr. Alexis Caswell, former president of Brown University, who died at the ripe age of 78 years. He was a noble Christian gentleman, interested in all good causes, of liberal tendencies, and sympathizing with the movement towards open communion in the Baptist denomination.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.
Glenning.—The M. E. Church at Glenning published a paper, in connection with their Christmas festival, of good size and well-edited. The name is *The Good Time Coming*. Among other interesting matter it contains letters from former pastors of the Church—Rev. H. B. Cope and Rev. W. H. Stuart. The present highly esteemed pastor is Rev. Chas. E. Rodgers.

Two corrections should be made with regard to recent items among our "gleanings." We stated the M. E. Church at Claremont received a Christmas gift of new pulpit and chairs, and carpets from the pastor. The new carpets were not his donation. We also said the pastor was the recipient of a present of \$75 from the Church. The amount should have been \$90. We are happy to record indications of good prosperity in this society. Twelve persons have recently been received into the Church, and there are others on probation who will soon join.

The Baptist society of Warner receive a bequest of \$1,000 from the late Mrs. Betsey Tucker.

The Unitarian Church of Dover receives \$1,000 by the will of the late Wm. Andrews of that city.

Nine have lately been received into the Free Will Baptist Church of Wolfborough. Rev. Charles A. Holbrook, late of Brighton, Mass., was installed rector of St. John's Church, Portsmouth, Jan. 11. Bishop Niles preached, and Bishop Neely, of Maine, participated in the services.

Brother Thurston, of Newport Centre, is prospering in his work. He has recently organized a class of nine members at North Troy. At other points a good work is in progress. Some fifteen or twenty have been converted.

A promising work has been developed at Granby, where Brother Udall has been supplying for a few months. Twenty or more have manifested a desire to "see the wrath to come."

The week of prayer was very generally observed in our State; union meetings generally were held where two or more churches are located in the same village.

GENERAL METHODIST ITEMS.

Rev. Dr. Morley Punshon, of England, has been obliged to give up preaching for the present on account of illness.

Den Christelige Tidskrift is a new paper, published in the Norwegian language, under the auspices of our Church, by Rev. C. Treider, Chicago.

The *Lockwood (India) Witness* says: "The new M. E. Church at Lud Baph is fast approaching completion, and with its graceful spire and fine proportions will present a very handsome appearance, surpassed by few in the country."

Rev. C. W. Mossall goes, in February next, as a missionary of the African M. E. Church of this country to Hayti.

Rev. John S. Barger, one of the earliest pioneers of Methodism in the West, died at his home in Bloomington, Ill., Jan. 4. For fifty-five years he was a traveling preacher, doing God's work in all the Western States.

The M. E. Church, South, has, according to the latest estimates, more members in Virginia, than the Baptist, Presbyterian, and Episcopal Churches combined.

Rev. Thomas T. Tasker, Sen., of Philadelphia, enjoys vigorous health considering his great age, nearly seventy-eight, and is active as ever in Church and other work. He preaches a great deal and with great acceptance.

An exchange says: "Rev. F. S. DeHass, consul at Jerusalem, has recently made some curious observations. Under the old sea wall of Jaffa, he saw the uncovering of a great cedar beam, which had probably been floated down from Lebanon for Solomon's Temple. At Gaza, he found a representative of the seven-branched candlestick set on a wall. Its shape corroborates that shown on the arch of Titus. He also mentions the fact that marble and porphyry pillars from the old temple are frequently to be identified in the mosques. There are twenty-eight porphyry columns of undoubted authenticity in the Mosque of Omar alone."

Mrs. Ruth Merritt Bart, mother of General William L. Bart, who died at Ithaca, N. Y., a few weeks ago, was a sister of Rev. Timothy Merritt, the well-known Methodist preacher of New England, and was herself an active member of the Methodist Church to the time of her death.

OTHER DENOMINATIONS.
Twelve persons united with the First Congregational Church, in Lowell, recently, Rev. Smith Baker, pastor, making 501 who have united during the present pastorate of five and one-half years. The Church have voted to adopt the weekly thank-offering system for benevolent contributions.

Rev. Dr. Ball, late editor of the *Baptist Union*, has been invited to return to his former pastoral charge at Buffalo.

A new Reformed Episcopal Church has been organized at South Chicago. It is to be known as St. Mark's, and starts with about 50 communicants and supporters.

The venerable Rev. Rufus Anderson, D. D., secretary of the American Board, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage, at Boston Highlands, Jan. 8th. The reception took place in the chapel, the parlors of which were beautifully decorated. About two hundred people, including nearly all the children and grandchildren of Dr. and Mrs. Anderson, participated in the festivities.

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2. THE BEREAN LEAF for 1877 will be decided improvements. It will be published at the low price of five dollars and fifty cents per hundred copies at headquarters. The unsolicited success of the Beretan Leaf has satisfied the publishers and editors in making it better than ever. Per year, six cents per copy.

3. THE PICTURE LESSON PAPER will be published as usual each quarter. It will be provided with each quarter. The Picture Lesson Paper, will fully satisfy the most cultivated and critical taste. It is as well adapted for use by the intermediate as by the primary classes. Per year..... 0 55

4. THE BEREAN QUARTERLY—The Quarterly will contain condensed notes on the lessons, and questions especially adapted to other pupils. It will also contain an edition of the lessons for average pupils, maps, a Bible dictionary, review exercises, "Bible drills" and many charming features. Per year..... 0 55

5. THE BEREAN QUESTION BOOK for 1877 will appear in a new, enlarged, and greatly improved form. It will contain much more matter, and will be precisely what the lovers of a real question book will approve. Per copy..... 0 20
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7. THE NORMAL CLASS—Which has been published monthly for the past two years, will hereafter be published as a QUARTERLY. It is devoted to two special objects: First, it will contain articles on the preparation of the normal class, and the management of Normal Classes. Each number of this magazine will contain a full set of papers. Per year..... \$2 50

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

First Quarter.

Sunday, January 28.

Lesson IV. 1 Kings xvii, 1-16.

BY REV. W. E. HUNTINGTON.

ELIJAH THE TISHBITE.

As the traveler must sometimes pass over long stretches of dead level, and only now and then rises to the summit of a mountain where he is in a pure atmosphere above the malarial swamps, so in tracing the history of the Hebrew race we traverse long reaches of "dead level." In national affairs. But, out of the miry, malarial swamp of idolatry that we found last week at Jezebel's low place, we are lifted by the sublime, mountain-like character of Elijah. He rises suddenly before us, like some of the peaks upon our western plains. All around him is Baal-worship, infidelity, licentiousness. Egyptian darkness has shut out the light of the Shekinah. The Israelitish nation is a race of backsliders. Elijah appears, as a great bulwark against the tide. King and priests were now pledged to idolatry; only a prophet, coming forth from the loneliness of direct instruction from Jehovah, had power to speak the truth. Like Moses, he is a worthy forerunner and type of Christ. Moses delivered the Hebrew race from bondage; Elijah was the great reformer; and both were counted worthy to stand upon the mount with the great Deliverer and Reformers of the human race, when He was about to accomplish His mission upon the cross.

Elijah the Tishbite. He appears thus suddenly upon the field of view. It might be said of him as it is of Melchizedek, "without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days, nor end of life." He comes with the vigor and daring of a champion, to uphold, before an idolatrous king, the honor of a forgotten law. We see him only by glimpses, as he now and then starts, with the swiftness of an Arab, out of the covert of his solitary life. His rough, stalwart presence reminds us of the rugged character of John the Baptist. Long, shaggy hair flowed over his back; an ample cloak of sheep-skin, fastened about his loins with a leathern girdle, was his attire.

Of all the prophets he is the one who is most removed from modern times, from Christian civilization. There is a wildness, isolation, and roughness about him contrasting forcibly with the mild beneficence of Elisha, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and most of all with the patience and loving-kindness of the Gospel (Stanley). "He was the original type of the hermit, the monk, the Puritan." So deep was the impression which he made upon the mind of the nation, that for many centuries the belief prevailed that Elijah would again appear as the deliverer of his country; so that, in the time of Christ many Jews believed Him to be Elijah. He is recorded, among the traditions of the Talmud, as having often appeared to the wise and good rabbis. At the circumcision of a child a seat was always placed for him. During certain prayers the door of the house was set open, that Elijah might enter and announce the Messiah. He has been canonized in both the Greek and Latin Churches. The name of the order of the barbed Carmelites takes its origin from Elijah.

As the Lord God of Israel liveth. The strong man of God confronts the king in the name of Jehovah—almost a forgotten name in those degenerate days.

There shall not be dew nor rain, etc. His first utterance as the prophet of reform, is the prediction of a drought, to come withering an idolatrous land. He makes no charges against Ahab, but simply announces the impending calamity.

Get thee hence, and turn thee eastward. His message delivered, he is directed to turn again to the solitude out of which he had appeared, and to take up his lonely abode by one of the brooks on the east of the river Jordan—Cherith—the name of the wady, or valley, which the stream of the same name flowed through.

Thou shalt drink of the brook. This great reformer was to be nourished by God's own providence, the little stream running through his leafy home in the thickets by his cup.

I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there. These fowls of the air, which "neither sow nor reap, nor gather into barns," and which God feedeth, were to feed Elijah. God takes care of His own. Birds and brooks were the providers for this solitary man, as they did the bidding of his heavenly Father.

He went and did, according unto the word of the Lord. Elijah was in intimate fellowship with the Lord, ready to do His bidding. He trusted Him for bread, looked to Him for wisdom, lived in constant communion with Him whose cause he was sent to vindicate.

The ravens brought him bread and flesh, etc. No sumptuous fare was given to this pre-eminent man. It is interesting to notice how some of the mightiest men of the race have been inured to hardship, toughened by rugged experiences, made fit for great undertakings, by great privations. This prophet had only the babbling of the raven, and the hoarse notes of the friendly ravens, for voices to break his solitude; no human companionship, no ministry of loving hearts and hands to prepare his daily bread.

After a while . . . the brook dried up. In the course of a year, the heavens having become as brass, and the earth as iron, the little brook gradually sunk lower and lower, and finally only the rocky bed remained, to mark the former course of the stream. Elijah was now likely to become a sufferer from the same calamity which he had invoked upon Ahab and his people. Still he had faith to await divine direction.

Get thee to Zarephath—also called Sarepta. The streams of Palestine were now evaporated under the fierce heat of that rainless period, and the prophet was directed to turn towards the Phœnician borders, to the Zidonian town of Zarephath. "The fresh streams that flow from the mountains of Lebanon would retain their life-giving power, after the scorching springs of Palestine had been dried up."

Of the old town some indications remain, consisting of slabs, columns and other architectural features.

I have commanded a widow woman there to sustain thee. Famine also prevailed even beyond the borders of Israel. It must have been a test of the prophet's faith to go into a strange country that was stricken with the drought, to seek support of a poor widow. But he was not disobedient to God's voice.

When he came to the gate of the city, etc. A way-worn, famishing traveler presented himself at the gates of the city. His mission as the prophet of God was to overthrow the Zidonian worship which Jezebel had imported into Israel. And here was Elijah in the country where was rooted the crime of false worship which he was striving to quench, asking to be fed. This was living upon the enemy's country.

The widow woman was there gathering of sticks—picking up a few fagots with which, as she thought, to bake her last meal. Her poverty is indicated by this circumstance. Yet Elijah, by some intuition given him, sees in her the helper whom God had promised. God chooses the poor, the weak things of earth, the things which are naught, to be the means for carrying on His great purposes; that the glory may not be unto men but unto Him.

Fetch me, I pray thee, a little water. He was suffering for want of water. His first want he makes known to this widow, who was to be his benefactress, as he was in turn to do greater good to her. His request reminds us of a similar request made by a weary, thirsty traveler through Samaria, who came to Jacob's well and said to the woman there, "Give me to drink."

Bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread. He is faint for the want of food also, and begs her to add a little of something to eat, to the cup of cold water.

As the Lord thy God liveth. She seems to recognize Elijah as a believer in the true God, and appeals to Him to witness the truth of her words.

I have not a cake. Was not this again a severe test for Elijah's faith? He had been sent to Zarephath because he was promised that a widow woman should sustain him. But, lo, she also was reduced to the last ounce of meal. A handful of meal in the bottom of a jar, and a few drops of olive-oil (used for cooking) was all her supply, and a famished traveler now asked to share this. The poor widow answers despairingly that she is preparing to eat her last meal with her son, and die.

Fear not. The courageous faith of Elijah now rises to meet this emergency. God's promise is behind him. Its fulfillment, he knows, is somehow before him. Faith is dauntless. It is strongest when a faithless heart would lose hope.

Go and do as thou hast said. Use what thou hast. Empty the jar and the vital fire, before yielding to despair. Borrow no trouble because there is not a bushel of meal or a gallon of oil.

Bring it unto me, etc. His necessity was the greater, and he felt that as God's messenger he was to become a benefactor for this poor, hospitable woman, if she would but save him from perishing by giving up the handful of meal.

The barrel of meal shall not waste. Now Elijah has the message put upon his lips by God's Spirit. Now his faith sees how the promise is to be fulfilled, notwithstanding the widow's poverty. Faith sees through difficulties. Faith is luminous, and lights up the dark problems of life. The power that scattered manna in the wilderness for the starving tribes, is able to keep the widow's store. Elijah felt this, and said it in substance to comfort the woman. He had found God already a kind Provider.

"God's providence is rich to His, Let none distrustful be. In wilderness, in great distress These ravens have fed me." Roger Williams.

Neither shall the cruse of oil fail. A hidden power shall send an unending stream into that cruse that seems almost empty; for He that makes the olive has promised it.

She went and did according to the saying of Elijah. We must credit this heathen woman with some faith. She was evidently so impressed with the truth of the prophet's words that she obeyed his directions. Her hospitable inclinations were blessed so far as to become the dawning of a true faith in God's promises.

She, and he, and her house did eat many days. They were all sustained in this miraculous manner about a year, until the famine was past. Does our strength seem little? God can increase it. We are to go on faithfully using what we have, and more will come from Him who is the source of "every good and every perfect gift." The interests of God's children have behind them God's infinite store-houses. Faith gives us the key to these. Our cranks and flacons, even though full, cannot measure God's bounty. If they contain little that can be made into loaves, we may be sure that "in some way or other, the Lord will provide;" not only oil and meal are within the compass of His bestowments, but if we open our doors, and let in that Prophet greater

than Elias, He will be to us the Giver of life eternal, as Elijah gave to that widow at last the gift of life to her dead son.

ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.

From the Notes.

Bible Lesson Series, January 28.

1 Give some characteristics of the prophet Elijah.

2 Why was the drought sent?

3 Of whom are we reminded, by Elijah, in his manner of life?

4 Must we consider that Elijah was miraculously sustained at the brook Cherith?

5 Where was Zarephath?

6 Why was it a test of Elijah's faith to start upon the journey thither?

7 Did the widow have faith?

8 How was she rewarded for her hospitality?

9 What lesson is taught us by this story?

JOHN WANAMAKER AND HIS SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

BY REV. R. H. HOWARD.

I think that perhaps the pleasantest impression left upon my mind in connection with my late trip to the Centennial, was my visit, or attempted visit, to John Wanamaker's Mission Sunday-school. I had already heard of John Wanamaker as the enterprising publisher of that royal periodical, the *Sunday School Times*; as one of the leading lay-workers in Moody's meetings in Philadelphia last season; as the man who, when those meetings were concluded, bought the old depot building in which they were held, and converted it into a mammoth, ready-made clothing-mart; and as one who, while thoroughly furnished upon every good word and work, had especially distinguished himself in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association work in the city, and in building up, withal, a city mission Sunday-school enterprise of singular magnitude and promise.

Accordingly, when, on Sabbath morning, our excellent landlady intimated that one of the points of interest which persons (especially of a religious turn) were curious to visit while in the city, was John Wanamaker's Sunday-school, my mind was at once fully made up to perform a pilgrimage to, and, if possible, get access to the same. A ride of a mile or so, and a walk across several squares, and through an exceedingly unsightly and unwholesome portion of the city, at length brought us—myself and party—to Bainbridge Street, the scene of the famous institution of which we were in quest.

Nor was it necessary to inquire as to the locality of the mission. Even could we have been mistaken as to the character of that impressive and most serviceable stone structure now merging prominently into view, the crowds of people besieging every place of access to the building, and extending far out into the street, must assuredly have at once removed all doubt from our mind. And, by the way, how affecting this spectacle—a this local demonstration of the fact that throughout our land were multitudes of men and women hardly more interested in the triumphs of art, in the tokens of the temporal power and greatness of the nations of the earth as displayed throughout the galleries and spacious pavilions of the Centennial Exposition, than in this one signal, significant triumph of earnest Christian labor over sin and Satan. For it should be remembered that this Sunday-school is located in the very Sodom—in the very heart of the "Five Points," or "North Street"—of Philadelphia; and yet what more eminently rational than just this eagerness on the part of these noble men and women from every section of our great Republic, to witness personally this demonstration of the superiority of truth over error, of love over selfishness, of the Gospel of the grace of God over the devil and all his works? For, as Dr. Bartol has signifi-cantly suggested, noble doing does, indeed, infinitely transcend any mere knowing. It were far better to be conscientiously than merely scientific. It were infinitely grander to be successful in moulding mind and manhood than to be never so skillful and renowned as an artificer in brass. Much as we delight to honor, ready and even eager as we are to accord our most eloquent tributes of admiration to the products of the chisel and pencil that adorned the galleries of the Art Memorial building and of the Art Annex—the masterpieces of Faed, Makart, Wittecamp, Stallaert and Mathieu—far more deeply yet are we moved in the presence of that gentle girl whose prayers and earnest labors have resulted in the re-creation, under God, in righteousness and true holiness, of scores of immortal souls.

We had hoped, indeed, to gain admittance to this mission building; to be permitted to look into the eyes of the two thousand children, gathered from the slums of this notoriously wicked section of the city, and organized into the grand mission agency; and withal to witness, and to obtain if possible, some clue to, or knowledge of, the processes by which the real work of the school is carried on. But as this was out of the question, we followed the crowd—the overflow from the Sunday-school building—and drifted into a large church, adjacent to, and a part of the mission premises; provided, we were told, for the benefit of the parents of the children gathered into the Sunday-school. It is a great tabernacle constructed of stone, very commodiously arranged, with a gallery extending entirely around the house. It costs, we believe,

about \$50,000. There remains on it, yet, we understood, a debt of some \$20,000. The Sunday-school building proper could not have cost less than the church edifice, and, we were gratified to learn, is already quite free from debt.

What were to be the services of the hour? No one seemed to know. Should we be favored with the privilege of looking on the features of Mr. Wanamaker—the man whose fertile genius, generous heart, and patient, practical, tireless hand had originated, and which still energized and successfully maintained this great enterprise? A gentleman came forward and announced a hymn. The great congregation united in singing.

"I love to tell the story,"

and "All hail the power of Jesus' name!" with genuine enthusiasm. A prayer was offered, when, who should appear but John Wanamaker himself—a medium-sized, beardless, fair-faced, youngish-looking man, apparently not more than thirty-five years of age, and decidedly attractive in person and bearing.

It had been his habit, after the opening services of the Sunday-school proper, in the adjacent building, to come in hither and conduct a Bible-class. To-day, what was his surprise to be greeted, not merely by his customary Bible-class, but by an audience completely filling every part of the great church—galleries and all—and numbering probably not less than fifteen hundred souls. In view of the great concourse of Christians of every name and from every part of the country present, he announced, and with a fervor and sweetness of tone and manner that at once won every heart, "Blest be the tie that binds." He then offered one of the most impressive and touching prayers I ever heard. His pleas for the poor and suffering were as pathetic and melting as if he not only pitied, but had been made personally a partaker of their sorrows.

Mr. W. has one of the most remarkable voices I ever listened to. Its clear, metallic ring renders it singularly distinct; its remarkable flexibility renders it perfectly responsive to every varying, and even the most tremulous, impulse of the heart; while its wonderfully sympathetic qualities, accompanied always by the genial sunshine of his glowing face, causes the heart of the hearer at once to thrill with the tenderness and most lively emotions. Who could ever once hear that glorious voice and not love the man?

Mr. Wanamaker called for a collection for the benefit of the poor. He wanted to buy one hundred tons of coal for them. The winter was hastening on. Many of them had long been out of work, and, unless we helped them, the Lord pity them! "Now," said he, "I know where I can obtain one hundred tons of coal for the sum of \$250"—a delicate way, no doubt, of intimating that if the congregation would raise that much, he would himself become responsible for the balance required. The collection was followed by a brief address by Mr. Wanamaker on the Sunday-school lesson of the day. "And is this," you say, as the meeting closes and you retire, "is this the distinguished man you have heard so much about—the man so conspicuously occupying the consideration, at the present time, of the Christian, and especially of the Sunday-school, community throughout the nation? who is carrying on constantly such vast secular enterprises in order that he may, at the same time, accomplish all the more for God and for souls—demonstrating thus the perfect compatibility of the most ardent and successful devotion to temporal interests with Christian piety of the most fervent and active type? The Lord bless him! What an illustration we have here of how a single individual, if only thoroughly consecrated to a noble work, may, and that too without being either an ecclesiastic or a professional philanthropist, become, under God, an instrument of vast benediction to millions!"

Previous to the occupation of this territory—the most degraded and abandoned, as we have seen, in the city—I was told that it was held to be quite dangerous, unless either armed or accompanied, for one to venture across it after dark; while there was hardly a policeman in the city who could be prevailed upon to arrest any of the vagabonds or banditti infesting that region. Now, not only is it entirely safe to traverse this district in any direction, and at any time of day or night, but there is hardly one of all that benighted population but would pluck out his very eyes for the sake of John Wanamaker. Oh, the royalty of love! Verily there is nothing to subdue wickedness, and elicit what little of heart and manhood there may be in the bosom of depravity, like love.

Meantime, what a noble testimony to religion is such a work and such a result as this! Verily, "by their fruits ye shall know them." In view of this monument of Christian faith and toil, why doesn't infidelity lift up its voice, and anew utter its howl about "cant," "superstition," "hypocrisy," "dogmatism," our utterly irrational faith, and our utterly unscientific way of doing things? Why don't these captious, snarling critics themselves take hold and try their hand at this kind of work? Ah! as Dr. Robert Hall has well said, "Into what obscure recesses of misery, indeed, into what dungeons of despair have their philanthropists ever penetrated to lighten the fetters, or to relieve the sorrows of a single helpless captive? What barbarous tribes have their apostles ever visited? What distant climes have they explored, encom-

passed by cold, nakedness and want, to diffuse principles of virtue, and the blessings of civilization?" The results of modern progress are constantly confirming the truth of Christ's words: "Ye are the salt of the earth; ye are the light of the world."

And, finally, it is a matter for unfeigned rejoicing, that in the bosom of Presbyterianism—usually reputed cold, staid, formal, conservative—there should be born such an earnest, enthusiastic, evangelical, aggressive movement. Whatever may have been the sins of Presbyterianism hitherto, on the score of a too rigid adherence to old forms, stereotyped customs, and time-honored methods, it cannot be denied that it holds and carries in its bosom one of the warmest, liveliest, and most promising missions to be found on this or any other continent. Long may it wave!

The Family.

A PRAYER.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

BY JENNIE E. CHENEY.

Father, I lift my soul to Thee! I would that it might ever be As pure as the beautiful, stainless snow, Gleaming so white in the vale below; Pure as a beam of the glad sunlight; Pure as the gems of the jeweled night; Pure as the smile of the radiant morn; Pure as the joy of a sorrow borne; Pure as the trembling drops of dew; As the crescent orb in yon dome of blue; Pure as the thought of a guileless child; Gentle, and sweet, and undelled; Pure as a mother's deathless love; And pure as the angel-song above; Pure as the light around Thy throne; Pure enough to be called Thine own; Pure for Thy Spirit's dwelling-place; Pure enough to behold Thy face.

CASSIE'S TROUBLE.

BY REV. W. W. MARSH.

[Continued.]

As the sun went down on the seventh day, they lay tired with their sport upon the mossy couch where she had first been seated by the queen.

"Cassie," she said with a smile; "Cassie, your trial is over. What do you say to becoming a child of fairy-land?"

"But, my lady," said Cassie, "did you not say that if I passed the midnight, I must wait a year? And I have now been here seven days."

She smiled again. "The midnight has not passed. I have made each hour a day to you; and you now know something of our life. But do not answer yet, for I would talk a little more of your own world. Tell me first what you mean by worship." "Some-times on moonlit eves, I have passed great palaces, and have heard the sound of solemn music—so deep and strong; and the sound of many voices chanting praises to some great king; and as I have listened, I have heard a single voice pleading earnestly as for some great blessing. I remember, also, that once I passed a little home in the glen, as they were going to their rest. They all knelt, and the father read aloud the voice I heard before, and with this same great Being. I watched, and the mother went with the little ones to their chamber, and they knelt beside their beds, putting up their little hands again with pleading. Oh, how it all stirred me! Yet I do not understand. What does it all mean?"

So Cassie began the "old, old story," and told it in ears which drank it in with breathless interest. She told of the birth of Jesus Christ, and of God the Father, who sent Him; of the life in Galilee, and the teachings on the Mount; of the sad closing scenes, and the final hour, when Jesus died for man; of His going up on high, and of His love for sinners still.

And she wondered as she talked, that she had never felt the story more before. Her heart swelled; the tears came brimming into her eyes; and before she knew it, they were falling thick as rain.

The queen's eyes grew large with solemn wonder as she listened. Sometimes they filled with a glad light, and then they would grow dim with tears. "Oh, tell me," she cried, as Cassie paused, "how can you see your Savior, and can you never live with Him who has loved you so?"

Then Carrie told her of the life of faith which Christians live, and the promise of heaven after death. "Death! and what do you mean by death? Do you mean that men die as the flowers die, or as the leaves fall? And if they die, how do they go to Christ?"

Cassie explained that only the body died, but that the soul went out to heaven.

"Oh! it must be sweet to die, if this is what you mean by dying," said the queen. "And now I remember what I once saw, but did not understand. It was a calm, bright day like this, toward sunset, and I was abroad in the daylight. As I flew past a little cluster of homes, I saw a group standing under the trees, on a sunny knoll. They were gathered about a deep, dark pit. On its edge a casket lay; in it a babe. Its eyes were shut, its face was marble white, and I thought it must be sleeping. And was it dead? But they were clinging to it, and weeping bitterly. Could they be weeping for their babe like this, if dying is going to Jesus?"

Cassie gave a little shudder, for it is sweet for a young, full-life child to be

alive, and death is a thing to be dreaded. She was at a loss for a reply, but, instead, a question came to her relief.

"Do you not die in fairy-land?" she asked.

"We never die," said the queen.

"Oh, that is splendid!" she cried. "Never die?"

The queen shook her head, and again that look of unrest, almost anguish, came into her face.

"Not so splendid as you think, Cassie."

"Why is it not so nice to live always, my dear queen?" cried Cassie, in impulsive eagerness. "Will you not tell me why you are not perfectly happy in this splendid place? Oh, I have seen it in your face! Why, my queen, are you so sad?"

"Tell me first," she answered smiling, "have you been perfectly happy in this week with us?"

Cassie blushed, and confessed that it had not been so "perfectly splendid" as she had thought at first.

"I thought so; yet to me this is all there is in my life. No change can come; there can be nothing new. I cannot die; and morning by morning I wake to this dull round. To dance, to fly, to tilt on a buttermilk, or dash through a waterfall's spray, may be joy for a day; but oh, to be shut up to doing it forever! O Cassie, if you find it palling in a week, what of the weeks of always? Let me have something to do for one I love, and I should be glad to live. Tell me why you wish to leave your own busy world?"

Cassie hesitated. The reasons she had given to herself by the spring all came trooping to her tongue, but, strangely, they did not seem so weighty to her as then. But the queen was waiting, and she felt she must reply. She began the story of her trials and worries, and how she hated to be always reminded, "you ought to do this, or that," when she wanted to do something else. She did not tell, what she blushed to remember, that she wanted to forget the face of Jesus.

"And so," she said in closing, "I thought it would be so nice to get rid of all this, in this lovely place."

Slowly the queen spoke: "Did you not tell me that to do all this was pleasing to your Savior who died for you?"

"I did," she faltered, with downcast eyes.

"And does it not please your mother, and is not little Johnnie the happier for it?" she asked.

"It does," and she felt her face growing scarlet, under the calm, sad eyes of the queen.

"And does she not kiss, and caress you at night?"

"Oh, she does indeed!" she cried in a burst of tenderness. And she could no longer keep the hot tears back.

The queen, as if her heart was breaking up in tears of longing, stretched out her hands and cried,

"O Cassie, for an hour such as comes to you at any eve, I would give my realm! Oh, if I could feel loving arms around me, and warm lips on my cheek; if I could have a word of blessing to those I love, I would fling my queenhood to a beggar! There is no duty; we live as the flowers live, with no wants, and no sympathies. No one sickens; no one needs me. There is no love, for there is nothing of which it is born. There is nothing to learn, nothing to anticipate, nothing to move! Life is a moonbeam without warmth or a soul."

[To be concluded.]

NEW YEAR COUNSELS.

Do not dream away thy lifetime; 'Twas not given thee for a dream; 'Tis a fragment of th' eternal Which thou must, thou must redeem.

Every hour is more than golden, Every moment is a gem; Treasure up these hours and moments; There are precious pearls in them.

Be not selfish; earth's great sickness Needeth self-denying men To go forth among the dying, And to soothe the beds of pain.

Do not purple, don the armor, Take the helmet and the shield; Drop the garland, seize the weapon, Make thee haste to take the field.

Lie not down among the roses, Carry high thy cross and sword; What! a Sybarite disciple Of a self-denying Lord!

Be not weary; for the warfare Hard and fierce will soon be o'er, And the rest will be unchanging On the green, un fading shore.

H. BONAR, D. D.

THANKSGIVING AT THE PARSONAGE.

TOLD BY THE PARSON HIMSELF.

Ministers are in many respects like other men—some people think too much so. We will not dispute the censure implied in the latter part of this sentence, for, if correct, it clearly substantiates the previous clause, which I shall we care for just now. Ministers like to be appreciated; to stand well in the neighborhood where they reside; to have a little cash on hand, as well as a little laid by "against a rainy day;" to wear a pretty good coat; to be able to educate their children; and most certainly to be able to keep Thanksgiving.

This last item is of considerable importance. Only think of a minister exhorting his people on Thanksgiving morning to be grateful, and to show their gratitude by a free and innocent enjoyment of the good things God has given them, and then going home to dine on pork and beans! Such an act of gross inconsistency cannot be properly characterized. Other reprehensible acts have distinct names. To take a human life is called murder; to rob a

church, sacrilege; to accept wrong doctrine, heterodoxy; but the act now under consideration has no specific name. Its turpitude exceeds the resources of language. Let us hope it is but seldom committed.

We have not been guilty of committing it, though at one time it looked as if we might. We have escaped as from the edge of a precipice, and feel thankful. Let us tell how it happened.

Times are hard, particularly so where we are at present located. The channel through which money flowed into the village was suddenly stopped up, some months ago. This has caused some very severe privation. Being appointed to the place, we hesitated not for a moment to come, but soon found we had come to the abode of poverty. People need the aid and consolations of religion when thus suffering, and we have endeavored to impart them. Our own pecuniary condition has been hard, but contentedly borne. No complaint can be made of the people generally. When a man has less than five dollars, and knowing not when or where he shall obtain more, gives two to his minister, that minister must be a strange man to find fault. We should have hesitated to accept the gift had we known at the time the situation of the giver. A considerable portion of the small stipend paid has been evidence not only of good will, but also of self-denial. Still, this has not increased the purchasing power of a dollar. Though used with all the economy known, our family supplies were growing smaller. Under these circumstances Thanksgiving drew nigh. We acknowledge it caused more than usual anxiety.

What shall we provide for the day? Of course we ought to have a turkey, but, equally of course, we shall not. After discussing several very economic arrangements, it was decided that as the chickens will not pay for keeping during winter, one should be killed. The *et ceteras*, however, must be dispensed with. The discussions revealed other reasons for anxiety, which will soon be mentioned. A small opening of relief just now appeared. On Tuesday evening a request came that we would be at home next evening, to receive a visit from some young friends desirous of forming a life union. Good! blessings on the man who invented marriage fees! Wednesday morning wife scraped out the flour barrel, and announced more emphatically than before, a rapid decline in the stock of groceries. Alas! the marriage fee would not meet these wants. In the course of the morning a large spare-rib came in; in the afternoon, a package of tea; very good as far as these things went—but about the wedding.

Wife proposed to prepare for the auspicious event by a fire in the parlor. Our objection was overruled, and the parlor warmed. Early in the evening we were surprised by a visit from an invalid sister. This awakened a suspicion that more was going on, or coming off, than we knew. By and by came a neighbor with a few articles, stating that he heard we were to be visited that evening by all our friends. Now we understood matters, and pretty soon the crowd came, loaded with good things. But where shall we put the friends? In the well-warmed parlor, said wife. Then what shall we do with the marriage party who will be here presently? If they prefer privacy, take them into the study. How we admired this feminine fertility of device!

In this instance, however, it proved unnecessary. Information was brought, that, bearing of the general visit, the young friends declined coming, but would be glad if we would visit them at the bride's father's. We speedily went, leaving the numerous home party, which now filled the house. On our return we found all in good spirits. After talking, singing, and prayer the friends left, *unloaded*. What a pity our larder was not larger! We soon saw that Thanksgiving was provided for, and more. We confided to some extent in getting to sleep, before accomplishing which, however, it was decided to have the *et ceteras* with the chicken on the morrow.

Immediately after breakfast next morning—Thanksgiving morning—we looked over the "dear remains" of the visit. There they lay before us in all their variety and promise!—butter and beans, cash and cotton cloth, chickens and crackers, pies and potatoes, pork and pumpkins. Like W. H. Murray, we call squashes, pumpkins—another sad instance of a Methodist preacher imitating a Congregationalist. But, to proceed, there were sugar and sausages, handkerchiefs and hose, tea and

